

T H E
C A M P A I G N ;

Charles A Weston

T R U E S T O R Y .

V O L . I I .

Margt.

Cezar



L O N D O N :


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T H E

C O N T E N T S

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P A R T IV.

C H A P. I.

*Will teach young ladies to be a little cautious of
their promises to old ones.*



AS soon as poor Stanley was gone, it occurred to Mrs. Betty, that perhaps it was not quite so proper, that her old lady should know he had been there. She therefore accosted her mistress with more than common freedom, “Ma’am, shall I tell John, not to tell my lady that young Mr. Stanley was here?—he’s a good-
VOL. II. B “natured

“natured *feller*, and I’m sure as how he’d do
 “any thing you bid him, and to be sure ’tis
 “pity”—There was a delicacy in Leonora’s
 mind, that disdained to be put on a level with
 her servant, and she very well knew, that
 whenever the master or mistress takes the ser-
 vant into their secrets, and makes them neces-
 sary, that moment all superiority and distinc-
 tion vanishes.—This at once struck Leonora’s
 pride—I was going to say :—and perhaps not
 improperly, for she had a pride—a pride that
 hindered her from ever doing a little or a mean
 action.—She therefore roused herself, and asto-
 nished Mrs. Betty—by saying,—“What means
 “your fauciness?—Why should not my grand-
 “mamma know it? Yes, surely there needs
 “no secret, that I know of.”—The waiting-
 maid, who was afraid she might lose her place
 by the bargain, was somewhat alarmed, and
 replied, “O lack, ma’am, pray consider—”
 “Hold your tongue, impertinence,”—answered
 her young lady, whom she now suspected of
 being a little crazy ;—but the truth was, Leo-
 nora’s mind was something so easy after taking
 her resolution of not marrying till she was
 twenty-one, (tho’ perhaps there lurked a little
 reservation of—unless to the man I like) that
 she resolved not to conceal Stanley’s visit from
 her grandmamma ; she had indeed no design
 to

to tell her the particulars of what had passed between them, which she saw no difficulty in concealing; his visit was to her ladyship; and her ladyship no sooner returned, than Leonora with a half smile, said, "and who, ma'am, do you think was here?" "Who, child," answered the old lady? "Why Mr. Stanley," replied the young one, has been here to pay you a visit."—"Me, a visit," returned the dowager, almost breathless. Mrs. Betty, who was a looker on, and saw her ladyship's emotions, beginning to tremble for herself, thought it time for her to put in a word.—"O! yes ma'am, and please your ladyship; indeed, ma'am, it was a visit to your ladyship; I am sure, ma'am, I was sitting here, and I was never more ———" "Who ask'd you any questions, impudent minx!" replied lady Filmore, interrupting her, "Get up stairs, go."—The chambermaid would have supported her argument, but her lady was peremptory, and sent her out; when returning to her grand-daughter, and recovering her temper:—"Oh child! unhappy girl! what will become of you? to entertain a thought of such a profligate wretch as that Stanley! for shame!" This brought a flood of tears into Leonora's eyes; who only sobb'd out, "What have I done? indeed, madam, I

“think ’tis very hard.” “Do you so,” replied
 the angry old lady, “how durst you see that
 “fellow?” I don’t know how it happened,
 whether that word *fellow* roused her, or that
 she imagined she had now the right side; but
 with more spirit and freedom than ever she
 used in her life before, she answered, “What
 “fellow! madam! if there was any body you
 “did not chuse should have admittance, you
 “might have told your servants to deny them
 “entrance; as for Mr. Stanley, I protest I
 “had not the least distant expectation of
 “seeing him, till the dining-room door open-
 “ed, and then he said his visit was to your
 “ladyship.” Lady Filmore did not know
 what to make of all this, that he should come
 to see her, was unaccountable, yet that it was
 not a pre-concerted affair she began to believe,
 because she thought Leonora incapable of as-
 serting a falsehood; it then occurred to her,
 that a visit to her was the pretence; but then
 how should he know she was abroad? This
 her ladyship very justly imputed to Mrs. Betty;
 and in her own mind, resolved her fate. But
 softening her tone, “Leonora, I believe what
 “you say; but child, I cannot but be alarm’d,
 “when your welfare is in question. Had I not
 “reason, from the ready excuse of that saucy
 “minx, to imagine something? but tell me,
 “my

“my dear, since the visit was to me, how
 “come you to see him?” “Why, madam, I
 “find from Betty, when John told him you
 “were not at home, he said he’d wait your
 “coming, and so walked up into the dining-
 “room, where I was; and I thought it would
 “look odd to leave him.” There was some
 reason in that, so her ladyship proceeded to
 another question; “But pray, my dear, how
 “came it, then, he did not stay till I came in?
 “Did he tell you his business, or will he call
 “again?” The answer to this, did not come off
 so glib as the former. It was not without he-
 sitation poor Leonora said,—“No, madam, he
 “did not tell me; and you know, ma’am, I
 “could not ask him; nor did he say he’d call
 “again, and I did not bid him.”—All this did
 not much please her ladyship, who continued,
 “And could you not guess his business? what
 “did he talk about?” Now a young lady, that
 hates lying ever so much, will nevertheless
 improve on a little, little bit of truth. ’Twas
 true indeed, George had mentioned lord Bel-
 font, and this she caught hold of, saying,
 “Why, ma’am, I don’t know his business, but
 “perhaps it was about lord Belfont, for he
 “spoke of him, and commended him, but
 “really I hardly knew what he said; but, dear
 B 3 “grand-

“grandmamma, if you love me, do not press
 “me ever to see that man, pray don’t.”—Lady
 Filmore now concluded that his lordship was
 come to town, and that George had told her
 of it, and that her regard for George was the
 occasion of her fear of lord Belfont. In the last,
 perhaps, she was not quite wrong; but in the
 former, her wisdom was out; for his lordship
 was not then come to town, tho’ he came a
 day or two after. “Sure, child,” says she, “you
 “must yourself see, that this young man is
 “base and ungrateful, to represent lord Belfont
 “in bad colours, who has been his friend?”
 “O no! madam, said Miss, -indeed he did
 “not; but you know how wicked lord Bel-
 “font is;” “and surely, child,” replied the old
 lady, with some little warmth, “the other is
 “full as bad, nay worse, for his ingratitude to
 “my lord!” but her ladyship not having any de-
 sign of serving his lordship, thought this no bad
 opportunity of undermining both him and Stan-
 ley; and that too with great appearance of good
 nature and condescension: so without taking the
 least notice of her own views in favour of Mr.
 Lloyd, she continued, “Well, Leonora, I don’t
 “desire to force you, even to your own good;
 “and I promise you never to solicit for lord
 “Belfont, if in return you will promise me ne-
 “ver to see or correspond with young Stanley, or
 “indeed

“indeed any of his family.” The young lady, who saw not the sands and rocks that were to be visible on the change of the tide, and thought she had weathered a great storm; overflowed with acknowledgments; and was full of promises never to do any thing that her grand-mamma might not like: and to make all sure, lady Filmore desired her to part with her maid Betty; which Leonora, who had no great regard for her, agreed to at once; and now they dined together in high good humour. In the afternoon Mrs. Lloyd called on lady Filmore, and bringing her two daughters to keep Miss company, the two old ladies retired for two full hours.

Mrs. Lloyd let her ladyship know, that she had already broke the affair to her son, who was vastly pleased with it; so that there only wanted the consent of the grandfather, and one little thing more, the consent of the young lady, to compleat the whole affair. The first was left to lady Filmore, and the other they thought it more adviseable to leave to the young gentleman himself; for said Mrs. Lloyd, “she
 “will then think it her own choice; whereas
 “if you name him, she will never endure him,
 “for girls do not like that old women should
 “chuse for them; adding, indeed, lady Filmore,

“ ’twas the same with ourselves.” The dowager only smiled, which I am sorry for, as, had her ladyship actually agreed to it, I should have taken it to be an universal maxim with the sex; but her silence leaves it still in doubt. Let us now return to lord Belfont.

CHAP. II.

A Lord's visit to a Scrivener.

LORD Belfont made as little delay as possible after he had wrote to Martin; when he came to town, he instantly dressed himself, to wait on Mr. Scrape to thank him, for his acceptance of him for his grandson. Scrape was, as we have seen, one of those people, who from nothing had raised a very large fortune. It is not uncommon for those sort of men to have their own humility constantly in their mouths. Have they but one dish of meat on their table? it was a very good dinner; ’twas not by eating *they* grew rich! Is their coat quite worn and thread-bare? ’twas not by wearing fine cloaths *they* made their fortune! *They* are not ashamed of what they were! *They* own that all they have is owing to their own industry; shew me a lord, cry *they*, whose draft will have equal honour with mine, tho’

I was

I was a poor boy once. In short, *they* despise birth, pomp, shew, and title; *they* never go to court; *they* don't want to be acquainted with lords; not *they*, yet if any business brings a coronet to their house, their spirit swells, and their eyes roll to see if many of their neighbours are witnesses of their glory; or does his lordship squeeze their hand, tho' they were in that very hand racked with the gout, they suffer on, never offering to withdraw their fordid fist, till the peer graciously lets it drop; that is, if he is a rich lord; for if he is a poor one, then indeed, they despise, and will always affront him. Just such a man had lord Belfont to deal with in Scrape; but he knew the world, and was not unacquainted with Scrape's character. A few minutes before his arrival, a well-dressed footman brought a line from him to Scrape, telling him, he was coming to speak with him on business: Scrape was all in a flutter, he put on his best cravat, his newest old coat, new tied his rollers, and quickly the devil and all of a thunder announced the peer's arrival. Scrape did not know where he ought to meet him, for he wanted vastly to shew his lordship, that he was not so much taken with the honour he designed him; but his legs got the better of him, and carried him to the chariot door, before his lordship could

alight; he then shewed him into the dining-room, and appeared with all that foolish awkwardness, which a man must, who will not be satisfied to appear in his own character; but will assume one, he is not acquainted with. The plain, simple, modest manner of a tradesman, has nothing ridiculous in it; 'tis equivalent to politeness and good breeding in the gentleman: but the over-acted complaisance, the bow upon bow, the civilities multiplied into impertinencies, by a man ignorant of the world, are, and must be absurd. Scrape was under the highest embarrassment; he was at a loss whether he ought to stand or to sit! whether he should speak or hold his tongue; but luckily he was in company with a man, who had that rare and happy talent of making every body pleased with their own behaviour, by not seeming to perceive any thing wrong in it, and by putting a man in a way of doing right without letting him see he directs him. In three minutes they are seated, and Scrape as familiar as he would have been with Mr. Slim the confectioner, Mr. Blueball the pawnbroker, or any other wise and worthy neighbour. When they talked on the business, Scrape had a mind to vapour a little, and took care to intimate, "that for his part, he should have
 "been well satisfied had the girl married

“a tradesman;” and perhaps had gone on a great deal further, in that sort of strain: but lord Belfont took up the conversation, and spoke so much in favour of trade and tradesmen, that Scrape was lost in astonishment and wonder. Knowing too Scrape’s bent for his own interest; his lordship took care to hint, that he should be pleased to employ his little interest at court, if there were any thing in the customs, victualling-office, navy, or any where else, that the grandfather of Miss Filmore should like to be concerned in. On the whole, he offered to settle 1500*l.* a year jointure, and the rest of his estate, which, by the by, was not above as much more, on the children; and as to fortune, he would leave that to Scrape’s generosity at his death. The citizen was delighted, transported! every passion of his soul, his pride, his avarice, all was gratified; and if ever he loved, or could have a personal regard for any man, it was for lord Belfont. He called down his wife, told her, with joy, the business. She was a decent and well behaved woman. Without her husband’s raptures, she modestly thanked his lordship for the honour intended them.

Scrape was for making no delay, but would draw the writings immediately. This violent precipitancy, the wife, with all the little interest

rest she had, which was but very little, opposed; indeed, my lord, in some measure agreed in that; and only begg'd the writings might be drawn as soon as convenient; that in the mean while, as they must necessarily take up some time, he would visit Leonora at lady Filmore's. He did not fail too, at last, to let Scrape know, that young Stanley presumed to pretend to Leonora. This surprised Scrape at first, because he knew that old Stanley had been treating with him in favour of lord Belfont; but when his lordship had convinced him of the truth, he had no little pleasure in knowing it, for he loved not Stanley or any of his family; and this attached him still more strongly to lord Belfont, who left him not a little pleased with his morning's work.

His lordship immediately wrote a compliment to lady Filmore acquainting her with what he had done, and withal, that he would that afternoon take advantage of her ladyship's promise to him at Bath, by waiting on her ladyship, and her lovely grand-daughter.

The old lady was not a little perplexed at this note; however she shewed it to Leonora, and told her, that her promise to his lordship engaged her not to forbid him, so that one
visit

visit at least, was absolutely necessary ; but that she would never force, or advise her to receive his lordship's addresses ; “ I will myself “ be by, said she, and if, my dear, he should “ explain himself, you may give him his answer, and then I am acquitted of my promise “ to him, and shall know how to behave, so “ as never to suffer you to be troubled with his “ visits more.” Leonora, overflowed with acknowledgments of her grandmamma's goodness, vowed eternal obedience to her will ; whatever she said, was from henceforward to be a law to her : but alas ! Leonora little thought, how soon she was to be put to the trial. When we vow obedience, we always suppose justice and reason in the commands ; and who is judge of that justice and reason ? Why, we ourselves to be sure ! so that, when young ladies do not seem so strictly to observe the resignation they have vowed, 'tis not they are to blame, but perverse mothers and fathers, superannuated grandfathers and grandmothers, blind uncles and aunts, obstinate old maiden sisters, impudent elder brothers, and hard-hearted guardians, who gave their commands improperly and unreasonably : these and only these, ought to bear the blame. However, if young ladies would be a little more cautious of *intending* to obey so implicitly, it would save them

them some little uneasy reflections afterwards, when they have opened their eyes, and see the impropriety of such obedience for the present; however, Leonora was vastly obliged to her grandmamma, and the thought of this being the first and last visit from lord Belfont, could not but give her high spirits. The old lady had sent a very polite disagreeable answer to his lordship, telling him, *she had gone further than she had promised; she had even mentioned his lordship to her grand-daughter; who with tears had intreated her not to be forced to receive his lordship's visits.* This with more politeness than truth, she said, *she was sorry to tell his lordship; but since it was so, he would, she hoped, excuse her, if she said, that notwithstanding the grandfather's consent, she could not suffer her poor child to receive any visits against her inclination; because the grandfather's consent could be only on a supposition that he had the lady's consent.* This was very good reasoning in lady Filmore, and she saw it now, but would not at all admit it, if you changed the citizen grandfather into the lady grandmother. She concluded with saying, she had a great deal of company that evening, and gave him as modest a hint as could be, that she would not be displeased if he staid away.

C H A P. III.

A man of spirit who does not know the world may sometimes be angry, mal à propos.

LORD Belfont could have eat the dowager's letter with vexation ; his pride, his love, his high opinion of himself, all at once were crossed ; he cursed the old lady, vowed vengeance on Stanley, and even uttered something not too respectful of the lovely Leonora herself, who could be so blind to prefer such a fellow as Stanley. He was almost tempted to give her up to her folly ; but then he recollected, she was still too good for his rival, who had not now one single virtue left ; but in spite of his good opinion of himself, and contempt for his rival, his memory would suggest, that this was the second time that same fellow had been preferred to him : it was indeed saucy in his memory to put Leonora on a footing with the little German, whom hitherto he had never minded ; but who occurred to him now, in spite of all his pride, and mortified him to the last degree. He most heartily hated poor George, and would have instantly sent a message to him, but that he persuaded himself he was below his notice. He had

twenty

twenty times a mind to take no further notice of Leonora, but in spite of himself he loved her; and could not help going that afternoon to lady Filmore.

There was a good deal of company; and among the rest Mr. Lloyd. This gentleman ever since his mother had bid him be in love, had kept pretty close to Leonora, who no way so much as suspected him for one of her admirers; and being all that day horridly afraid of my lord, had been more than commonly chatty with Mr. Lloyd. He luckily sat next to her, and she very cunningly resolved to avoid his lordship, by keeping herself pretty much engaged with Mr. Lloyd during his lordship's stay; and Lloyd was for once a more agreeable visitor to Leonora than to her grand-mamma. Lord Belfont entered with his usual ease and gaiety, yet not without perceiving something awkward in himself, nor without making Leonora red as scarlet.

Tho' the several almost inexhaustible subjects, of park, play, politicks, news, scandal, and weather, all took their turns, yet there was nothing very lively in the conversation; and by one, the company all took their leave, except lord Belfont and Mr. Lloyd, who seemed

in-

inclined to sit one another out. By the retiring of one, and another, and another, his lordship had at last got possession of the next chair to Leonora, to whom he said some distant pretty things, till at last Leonora took the opportunity of leaving the room; and now there remained the two gentlemen only, and the old lady. The men stared at one another, for neither was much pleased with the other. The peer at once guessed this to be the Welch suitor, but the Welchman did not know what to make of the peer; only by his manner, he supposed him to be a rival. Lady Filmore looked on them both, not without some uneasiness; but thinking it easier to get rid of Lloyd than his lordship, and indeed intending to give the latter a final answer, that he might have no excuse for a second visit, she turned to the former, saying, "Sir, shall I beg leave to trouble you with a little message to Mrs. Lloyd, " I should be glad to see her to-morrow morning." Lloyd understood her, and got up, but imagining perhaps, that going off would look like quitting the field, he resumed his seat, and giving a half look at his neighbour, "I am " in no hurry, madam,—and I want to speak to " your ladyship." Mr. Lloyd had commonly shewn as implicit and respectful a submission to
lady

lady Filmore as to his own *mamma*; and his not obeying her now a little embarrassed her ladyship; who turning to lord Belfont, "well, my lord, I must beg your pardon a few minutes; this gentleman wants to speak with me:" her ladyship, I suppose, meant to take Lloyd out of the room, and then peremptorily bid him go home; but the peer happening to say, "when your ladyship is at leisure, I too would be glad to speak to you;" whether it was, that Lloyd was nettled before, or having once transgressed the limits of passiveness, he now could keep no bounds; but at once said to the peer, "Ay, so you may, Sir, but not before me." "before you, Sir," returned his lordship, with such infinite contempt, that Mr. Lloyd must have been no Welchman, not to have been angry; but the lady Filmore interposed, "for heaven's sake, what mean you gentlemen!" "Lord Belfont, do you come here to insult me?" And turning to Lloyd, "you, Sir, I might have expected to prevail on; pray Sir, leave this room at present!" "No, ma'am, I cannot go," replied the Welchman: who tho' no fine gentleman, was yet a man of spirit; and, tho' perhaps he might never have ventured to think of Leonora, but for his mother's orders; yet once put on the scent, he would not give over the chase. He continued, "No
 "ma'am,

"ma'am, my lord here, and I, by Jove! must
 "go away together." Lord Belfont at once
 caught hold of his hand, "that's my brave
 "boy, (said he) with all my heart;" but the
 lady running to the door, "hold!" said she,
 "where are you going? What would you do?
 "Lord Belfont, Mr. Lloyd, pray! what!
 "why!" and recollecting herself, "let me beg
 "of you both to drop this—or must I be ex-
 "posed by sending for a guard: for I—for de-
 "pend upon it, you never shall quit this house
 "till you both give me your honour to be
 "quiet." "With all my heart, madam," re-
 turned the peer, "nay, really I hardly know
 "what the matter is! I don't remember to
 "have seen the gentleman before, 'tis a very
 "odd affair: come, Sir, let us shake hands;"
 but the old lady saw through that, and turning
 short, "No, my lord, that, that will not do.
 "But, lord Belfont, hear me, upon my honour,
 "I swear, and I very seldom swear; whichever
 "of you, does not honestly, and truly give his
 "hand to the other, and swear to take no no-
 "tice of what has passed, shall never see the
 "inside of my house again. Your lordship
 "may do as you please."—"May I then,
 "madam, hope to see you to-morrow morn-
 "ing." "My lord, I'll make no conditions;
 "if I don't see you reconciled, I'll send for a
 "guard,

“guard, and I say again, upon my word, you
 “shall never come again within my doors, if
 “you force me to such an expedient.” “Well
 “madam, you may command me,” said lord
 Belfont, “but may I say three words:”—
 “first be reconciled,” said the dowager, on
 which my lord turned to Lloyd, “Well Sir,
 “this lady, if I mistake not, has us both in
 “her power, we must obey her, and I give
 “you my honour, I shall never mention what
 “is past, neither will you I believe:” “no
 “faith, not I,” says Lloyd, “Well then, Sir,
 “I have a few words with lady Filmore, will
 “you give me leave?—“nay faith,” says
 Lloyd, “two words to that bargain.” “To
 “what bargain, young Sir?” replied the frown-
 ing dowager, “What, am I to be directed
 “by whom and when I am to be spoken to, Sir?
 “I have business with this gentleman;” and
 then softening her voice a little, “good night
 “to you Mr. Lloyd,” upon which he retired,
 tho’ not very well pleased. She followed him out
 of the room, and whispered him, that if he did
 not go immediately home, without waiting
 for lord Belfont, she would never speak to him,
 nor should he ever see Leonora again; she
 then returned to lord Belfont, saying, “indeed
 “my lord, you have treated me very cava-
 “lierly; the world said you had good breeding
 “at

"at least." With great meekness my lord replied, "My lady Filmore, I will appeal to yourself, if I could avoid what has happen'd; did not that young leek?"—"How my lord!" interrupting him, said the lady, "and do you still persist to insult me? Fye, lord Belfont," "what, ma'am!" "what!" returned the lady, "are you not ashamed to treat my friend, behind his back, and to my face, so contemptuously?" his lordship recollected himself, begg'd her ladyship's pardon, and said, "I have, I am sure, the greatest respect for what ever even but the most distantly concerns your ladyship:"—"respect my lord,"—repeated the dowager, and perhaps the term old woman, in the letter, occurred to her memory. "Yes indeed, lady Filmore, I have: but this young man, you must own, insulted me, —but let that drop, since it is your ladyship's command. Pray, lady Filmore, may I presume to ask, does Mr. Lloyd, (so I think you called him) pretend to Miss Filmore; and has he the happiness of your ladyship's approbation?" "Yes, my lord, he is a young gentleman of very good family, great fortune, and of a sober life; and thereby qualified, I think, to make my girl happy:" "O! may she," cried the lover, "be happy! it is my sincerest wish; as it is my hope, that I may
 "con-

“ contribute to make her so; but may I not a
 “ little complain of lady Filmore? She promised
 “ me, if I got Mr. Scrape’s consent, I should
 “ be received at her house: could I have ex-
 “ pected, that now, when I have Mr. Scrape’s
 “ consent, lady Filmore would deny me? Might
 “ I not have expected she would at least have
 “ deferred receiving any one else, till I could
 “ have applied to Mr. Scrape?” “ My lord,”
 replied lady Filmore, “ I have told you my
 “ mind on that head,” “ Oh! dear lady Filmore!
 “ sure the gentle Leonora has no aversion to
 “ me! some bad impressions she may have,
 “ and my life may deserve them; but give me
 “ leave, by my assiduity and good behaviour,
 “ to efface them all: Oh! lady Filmore,
 “ ’twas you opposed my interest, and she sub-
 “ mitted to your commands:” “ No, upon my
 “ honour, my lord,” says her ladyship with
 great coolness, “ it was her own request; will
 “ you be satisfied, if she says it herself, since
 “ you dont chuse to credit me?” “ I must not
 “ doubt, lady Filmore, but may I have the ho-
 “ nour of seeing the young lady?” “ Well,
 “ my lord! I will not have the girl plagued!
 “ but to shew you, that it is unnecessary to
 “ trouble yourself further, I will send for her:”
 My lord bowed, and Leonora soon appeared,
 half frightened out of her wits, for fear his
 lord-

lordship should have persuaded the old lady; till encouraged by her, she began to take courage. "Leonora, my dear," said her grandmamma, "I am, it seems, accused of directing your affections; you saw what I this morning wrote to lord Belfont concerning you; was it, my dear, was it not your own inclination? Was it my persuasion?" "No, upon my word, 'twas I desired it;" said the blushing maid—"alas! and how, dear Miss Filmore, how have I unfortunately incurred your displeasure? If sincerest love"—"hold, my lord," replied the lady dowager, "I have promised Leonora, and I will keep my word,—I believe you are now convinced:" "Alas! lady Filmore, I am unhappy; but if I had your and lovely Miss Filmore's leave, time and perseverance"—the old lady not without some fear, made a bold push, and cried, "Well Leonora, what do you say, will you receive his lordship's visits; speak, my dear!—" "Madam, you were so good to indulge me this morning in writing as I desired, and I am, and always shall be, of the same mind,"—was her answer. Nettled at this so palpable and plain a denial, and that from his mistress's own mouth, the peer broke out; "that rascal Stanley, damn him! he has traduced me; but"—"nay, my lord," inter-

posed the old lady, while poor Leonora trembled, and half repented she had said so much. "Nay, my lord, Mr. Stanley was not spoke of here!" "alas, madam, but so it is! say, unkind Leonora, is it not so? Has he not?" "My lord," replied Leonora in a fright, yet "with a becoming spirit, I will not be catechised by you, but this, for the sake of truth, I will assure you, I have seen Mr. Stanley but twice since I came to town, and both times he spoke well of you."—"Nay, in so short a time," replied his lordship, "Mr. Lloyd cannot have gained"—"What Mr. Lloyd? what of him, my lord," replied Leonora all in a flutter, and the old lady in haste took up the conversation: "lord Belfont, I believe, you are now satisfied: Leonora, my dear, you need not stay." Lady Filmore was as much alarmed as Leonora was, at this mention of Mr. Lloyd, and wanted to hurry her away, lest his lordship might proceed further to discover to Leonora, what the old ladies had resolved she should be first informed of from Mr. Lloyd's own mouth. The little that lord Belfont said, however, was enough to set the young lady on thinking; and on these subjects, no very old head is requisite to let a lady see a great deal. She observed too, her grandmamma was disconcerted, but she durst not,

not, nor could not ask any questions, but stood still, and very attentive to hear what more she might, and was witness to part of the following dialogue. Her grandmother proceeded, "Well, my lord, 'tis late, and I believe you will excuse me; but you have so hurried me, that I want to be alone." B. "I would not willingly intrude on your ladyship—— but I must beg—I must, dear lady Filmore, insist on the performance of your promise: if I cannot prevail on my fair mistress, I must submit; but let me have the trial you promised." F. "My lord, you talk very strangely; insisting, insisting!—as to promises, I have promised my child too, and 'tis my duty not to force upon her any visitors, whom she does not approve.—" "I see, madam," replied lord Belfont, "I see"—but here lady Filmore, a little afraid that Leonora might see too, more than she chose she should yet see; repeated her hint to the young lady, saying, "good night, my dear, you need not stay;" and when Leonora was gone, his lordship resumed, "I see, madam, who 'tis you favour? But Mr. Lloyd and I may meet again! and"—F. "How Sir! do you threaten too? Mr. Lloyd is a man of spirit, and would not, I'll answer for him, be sorry to meet you, as *you term* it;

“ but I could not answer it to myself, that his
 “ regard to my family should endanger his safe-
 “ ty : and therefore I vow and protest that meet
 “ and see Mr. Lloyd, where and when you
 “ may, if you do not shew the same respect to
 “ him as to any other gentleman, you shall
 “ never see Leonora again.”—B. “ Why, your
 “ ladyship denies me that happiness as it is, so
 “ that I can be no worse ; if you’ll permit
 “ my visits, I’ll try my chance fairly with Mr.
 “ Lloyd, and all the world ; there shall be no
 “ man I’ll shew more respect to than Mr.
 “ Lloyd, but”—F. “ but—my lord ! what
 “ mean you by, *but* are you going to threaten
 “ again ? Be assured, my child shall only see
 “ whom she pleases ; and if you dare to threaten
 “ more, every body shall be admitted to visit
 “ my grand-daughter, excepting lord Belfont ;
 “ so now you may do as you please ;” and
 with that down sat the good lady in high dudgeon. His lordship, concluded this was a hint of Stanley, and tho’ not a little provoked, commanded himself, answering,——“ Dear lady
 “ Filmore ! I am the unhappiest man alive, to
 “ have incurred your displeasure ; but sure your
 “ disapprobation of me, could never induce you
 “ to suffer such a fellow,—I need not name
 “ him ; you know who I mean : and indeed I
 “ hope the charming Leonora herself, has too
 “ much

“ much spirit to suffer the addresses of one so far
 “ below her.—At least, lady Filmore has too
 “ much prudence to admit of it. Do not deny
 “ me then to try my chance: suffer me to en-
 “ ter the lists on an equal footing with Mr.
 “ Lloyd, lest some accident should effectuate
 “ what, not we only, but your ladyship too
 “ would grieve at.” But lady Filmore did not
 chuse to give his lordship such a chance. With a
 respectful decent behaviour in himself, and a word
 or two now and then in his favour from her la-
 dyship, together with the absence of Stanley, she
 hoped to prevail on Leonora, to give her hand to
 Mr. Lloyd; but she did not chuse to have a ti-
 tle, and an agreeable fellow, in opposition to her.
 In the present state of Leonora’s mind, it
 would, she hoped, be no difficult matter to
 keep up her dislike of his lordship; but were
 he to be always present to speak for himself,
 she feared it would not be quite so easy; what
she should say, might begin to have less weight,
 and what *he* should say, might by degrees have
 more and more weight.—So her ladyship an-
 swered, “ as to that, my lord, nothing can
 “ prevail on me ever to see that young man,
 “ except your lordship’s intemperance; and
 “ then I vow, if you either affront Mr. Lloyd,
 “ or force your visits on my child, that mo-
 “ ment Mr. Stanley is welcome to my house.”

—“ O curse his very name ! the vile wretch ! ”
 exclaimed the angry lord Belfont : but recovering himself, “ Well then, my good lady Filmore, may I, on the footing of an acquaintance ; may I visit your ladyship, and in common with others, have the happiness of seeing my ever charming Leonora ? Do not deny me this ; upon my honour you shall not yourself be more civil to Lloyd than I will.” To this her ladyship did not positively dissent ; but coolly answered, “ while your lordship behaves as other visitors behave to me, I shall be glad to see your lordship ; but”—“ nay, no buts, dear lady Filmore ! you shall yourself approve my conduct.” But I will not now trespass more on your time ;—I wish your ladyship a good night.

CHAP.

C H A P. IV.

One is apt to love the sister of a friend.

NOT one of the three persons we have just parted with, was thoroughly satisfied with what had happened ; tho' each had met with something that was not displeasing. My lord was pleased to have even his leave of admittance to lady Filmore's continued. He thought himself, by his manner and address, sure of the rest ; but then he was not pleased either at the manner of Leonora's mentioning Stanley, or the manner of lady Filmore's reception of Lloyd. The dowager was delighted at Leonora's having so flatly rejected his lordship, and now thought she might use him as a spur to Mr. Lloyd ; but then she liked, no more than his lordship, the manner of Leonora's mentioning Stanley ; and was again not a little vexed at the premature mention of Lloyd to Leonora : who, in her turn, was highly pleased with her own behaviour to lord Belfont. But it now and then occurred, that what she had said might set him on plotting the destruction of Stanley ; and then she sighed and wept :—but a sudden recollection of Belfont's mention of Lloyd, and of her grandmamma's look, at the same time, made

her consider all that lady's good nature, in a quite new light; and for a moment her indignation against the peer was suspended, while she looked with something like contempt on Mr. Lloyd. She called it meanness, and vile cunning, in him, to be plotting with lady Filmore; but when her thoughts turned on Stanley, there was openness of heart, sincerity, and truth; his mother full of goodness and worth; his sister constant, sensible, and friendly, and all their virtues met and centered in him. Here her heart inclined, and here she resolved to fix; and every trial she was now to undergo, seemed welcome to her. She had a satisfaction in thinking that three years perseverance would be a proof of her invariable attachment;--and pleased with this notion, she fell gently into a peaceful sleep of innocence.—While her grandmother lay wakeful, contriving, first, how to prevail on Scrape; that is, how to make him think it his interest to declare for Lloyd; and next, how to give Leonora a favourable impression of Lloyd. As to lord Belfont, with a mixture of love, pride and indignation, he spent a joyless night with a company he had in vain prepared to make him merry. He affected to laugh, but it was from the teeth only; for Leonora was in his heart, and he saw another had a place in hers. Twenty schemes occurred
to

to his fancy; one moment he thought to prevail on Scrape, to command his grand-daughter to his house; but then it occurred, that in the city she would be still nearer to Stanley, his most hated and most dangerous rival; and an attempt of that sort too might exasperate the haughty lady dowager, who, in an angry mood, might perhaps execute her threat of suffering the visit of any one but him; and if Stanley once was admitted, he had no hopes: for his lordship knew too well, that inclination and opportunity meeting seldom, make long delays; and delay was all he wanted. He had no great fear of Lloyd's gaining the lady's affection; so that, if he could prolong matters, and hinder the old lady from precipitating things, he still hoped to convince the young one of his own merit. At last he resolved to try his interest with lord Filmore, the young lady's uncle; with whom he had an old, tho' no very intimate acquaintance. This thought no sooner struck him, than his wonted spirits again accompanied him, and the party towards the end of the evening, were really in company with lord Belfont.

Let us now return to see what was become of poor Stanley; who, after he had parted from his mistress, for near an hour forgot all trouble,

and saw no danger, or difficulty. In a sage lover-like syllogism he concluded, that in spite of all opposition, his mistress must be his, because she had promised to be no body's for three years to come. Full of these hopes he hastened home. His sister was long since acquainted with his passion, and from her at least, he expected all imaginable assistance; but alas, while he was at his mistress's feet, lady Filmore had been with his sister, and when he came home, instead of cordial help in the prosecution of his passion, he met with wholesome advice to relinquish it. But what was yet worse, his mother and his friend joined in the same Job-like comfort; of shewing how impudent, and even ungenerous to his old friend lord Belfont, it would be, to pursue so fruitless a design.

He flattered himself that his friend would no sooner know his case, than he would yield him all the assistance in his power; this he argued with them, and with great confidence, desired them to suspend their opinion, till they received letters from his lordship. His mother and sister knew, that lord Belfont's relinquishing or pursuing his intentions, was nothing to George's success, but they would not venture to tell him what lady Filmore had told them. He could
not

not listen to them : his father indeed would be heard, and represented to him how far *his* honour was concerned, who had prevailed on old Scrape to give his consent. The son indeed did not presume to answer, but was in fact as little prevailed on by what he said, as by any of the others. Finding no body of his own mind, he could not be prevailed on to stay long with them. He went to his chambers, to wait his friend lord Belfont's answer, as if the whole of the affair had depended solely on that one point, his lordship's approbation or disapprobation.

Martin would accompany him to the Temple, where George staid, in tolerable good spirits, till the return of the post. Martin, afraid my lord's answer would not be agreeable to his friend's expectation, with the greatest caution friendship could use, ordered all letters to be brought privately to him. But Stanley could not be imposed on ; he saw the letter given to Martin, and saw his emotions ! 'Twas in vain to deny the perusal to his friend ; who had no sooner gone through it, than he was even with the writer, and as much enraged against lord Belfont, as his lordship had been with him ; he repented now having wrote at all, wondered he should be so long im-

posed on; such pride! it was so plain!—hold you critick, dare you say this is unnatural? thou art no judge. I tell thee boldly, 'tis nature herself. Where this passion of love once really and truly gets possession of the soul, all the senses of the body, all the faculties of the mind are slaves to it; the eyes see for it, the ears hear for it; judgment throws away the scales and decides for it; no obstruction to it can be reasonable, no objection can be just; if any degree of hope from the beloved object, has once given up the reins, you might as well expect a miser should not think you a thief, for forcing part of his treasure from him, under a pretence that he had before cheated you of it, as that a man really and truly in love, should not think him the worst of men, who, on any pretence, shall attempt to deprive him of his mistress; and believe me, from the days of Leander to this present moment, there never was any one man actually in love, and whose mistress had given him leave to hope, who, from a motive of friendship, piety, or any other whim, ever yielded his mistress to another; or thought well of him, who on any pretence whatever attempted to get her from him.

But

But to return to Stanley, George was deeply in love, and the stronger his regard for lord Belfont had been, by so much the worse he thought himself used, in his friend's presuming to think of his mistress; for his, and only his, he thought he had a right to deem her.

If a man in his sober senses, who sees his best friend run mad, is more to be pitied than that friend, sure Martin was in a most disagreeable situation! he saw the two friends he loved best in the world, both mad, and he knew not how to help either. It was not without the greatest difficulty he held Stanley within any moderation. George was resolved to destroy lord Belfont at once: and then with a wonderful coolness: "no! he would not be hasty!!" "his lordship could not mean what he said!" and then all the peer's virtues were allowed him. "He would meet his lordship on his road to town, and expostulate with him: he was sure when once he came to think, he would not be so ungenerous."—People in a passion often impose on themselves by lowering their voice, and imagine they are no longer angry, because for that moment they are not loud; but they seldom impose thus on others. Martin at least did not think his friend so cool as he ought.

ought to be, and could not allow of this expostulation on the road; but promised as soon as lord Belfont came to town, he would wait on him: but then all was fire again; “what
 “will my friend, my old friend Martin, disgrace me and himself too, by a mean supplication to the man that has injured me!
 “a man I was a friend to, and would have given my life to serve!”——“and a man
 “too, Martin would throw in, who would have sacrificed his life to serve you, nay, to
 “humour you! A man who loved you so, that he provided for me only because I was your
 “friend!” This would indeed quiet things a little. Stanley would then sit down, and fighting with inward anguish, sink himself almost to despair. Martin left no method untried to assuage his friend’s sorrow. If he even had not felt the sincere affection that he had for her, yet the particular and affectionate manner of Fanny’s recommending her brother George to his care, had been sufficient to rouse all his attention. Indeed he had seen too much of Miss Stanley, not to be very willing to obey her. There is no time we are more stricken with beauty, than when we see it in grief; it at once testifies that softness, which is the worthiest characteristic of the sex; and at the
 same

same time seems to evince that sincerity of attachment is always the companion of their softness. The captain, he had seen this young lady's affection for her brother, he knew her brother's worth, and esteemed her for her regard to it: that esteem soon grew into something more, and just at this time, he began to wish very heartily he could find the way to a heart so capable of sincerity. The young lady too perhaps was not a little pleased to see his attachment to her brother; and thus their common offices to the same person, became the foundation of their love to one another.

The first intimation they had of lord Belfont's arrival, tho' he came the day after Martin got his letter, was from old Scrape, who, as has been said, and as from the characters of the men might be supposed, had no love for Stanley, and was glad of an opportunity, at once to blame him, with somewhat of a colour of justice, and at the same time to blazen forth his child; for he did not now call her grandchild, as that would be a remove further off. He took care therefore to seize old Mr. Stanley in the full coffee-house; where he complained bitterly, and impudently and falsely, of his combining with his son; whom he took care
to

to set forth as an abandoned profligate. Mr. Stanley's pride in giving such an expensive education to his son, was sufficiently arraigned; but not satisfied with that, he actually accused the father of being his son's adviser, to run away with Leonora. Perhaps lord Belfont would not have been much obliged to his father Scrape, for this publicly proclaiming, that the lady he wanted to marry, preferred a merchant's son; but it answered Scrape's end; it vented his own malice, and vexed poor Mr. Stanley, who was no wrangler, and left the coffeehouse as soon as he could. However Mr. Sourgrape, beforementioned, who, for different reasons, loved neither Stanley nor Scrape, the one because he was too rich, and the other because he was too honest;—this Sourgrape took up the cudgels for Stanley, who leaving him to dispute the point, returned home in great anguish; and there he met his son, with whom he did not attempt to reason now, but peremptorily bad him, under pain of his displeasure, give over his folly, and mind his studies, or he'd have no more to do with him. He further insisted on his instantly going to his chambers, and minding his business. George, in great vexation, obeyed, so far as going to his chambers, but no farther; for leaving his mother and sister in the highest grief,
he

he went to the Temple, resolving still to pursue his amour, and Martin still anxiously attending him.

C H A P. V.

A Lord's visit to a Lord.

NOW that lord Belfont was known to be in town, capt. Martin under the greatest apprehensions, exerted himself with double force; and at length prevailed so far, that Stanley submitted to his waiting next morning on lord Belfont. This Martin, in common decency, thought himself obliged to do; not that he was very desirous of an interview, which he knew must naturally be a disagreeable one. But his calling would shew he did not make himself a party; so that he might, if occasion offered, still be of service to them both. He resolved therefore not to call early enough to find his lordship at home, and to leave him a letter to excuse his calling again for a day or two, under pretence that particular business called him into the country. In that time he hoped to prevail on Stanley, if not positively to relinquish, yet not to be so violent in the pursuit of a thing, he saw no possibility of his attaining.

ing, even tho' lord Belfont had entertained no thoughts of it.

His lordship had indeed gone out earlier that morning than usual, having his mind intent on applying, as he had resolved the night before, to lord Filmore. We have already seen a little of this lord, but as he is again come in our way, let us take a view of the two peers together. Lord Filmore dressed as well, talked as much, and spent more than lord Belfont; yet lord Belfont's cloaths had another look, tho' they used the same taylor; lord Belfont's chit chat, tho' it was small talk, had yet another sound; lord Belfont's extravagance was but the means of his pleasures, but it was lord Filmore's end; he only spent to have it said he spent; whoever observed the follies of lord Belfont, would say, it was a pity such a man should spend his time and money so idly; whoever saw the other would say, 'twas pity such a man should have money to idle with: his lordship too, had as much pride as his lady mother, but it was of a quite different kind; no one could have less respect for pedigree and ancestry; he never gave himself the trouble to know who his own grandfather had been; but then he adored the joint virtues of title and fortune; a man without a title, if young, might obtain a smile, and
a nod;

a nod; an old man, if of very good fortune, and belonging to White's, might be favoured with a half bow, unless he was in place, as in the Admiralty, or Treasury, and then *jusque aux genoux*, his civil body bowed itself: and yet he expected nothing from the court, had two boroughs of his own, which the ministers always filled up, at the small expence of now and then a hearty squeeze, and always sending for him in, the moment he appeared at a levee. Whenever he was in the circle, which was very often, the King never passed him, and that was all he desired. His lordship imagined the world thought him just such another as lord Belfont; with this only difference, and that to his advantage, his estate was three times as good as Belfont's: but then he felt in himself a lack of something in the presence of Belfont, that he could not account for, but he did not conceive any body else perceived it, and was well enough satisfied in his own perfections.— With such a man lord Belfont was sure of doing as he pleased, he called on him almost before he was out of bed, and the following dialogue ensued:—

Bel. “ Lord Filmore a good morning; have
“ I disturbed you ?

Fil.

Fil. " Dear Belfont ! morrow, morrow, welcome to town ; I am glad to see you ; ay, now we shall have some life, cursed ! stupid ! Belfont, this damn'd town !

Bel. " O no ! it can't be stupid while it has lord Filmore to enliven it."—

Fil. " Belfont, don't flatter ! egad 'tis you the women like"—

Bel. " Ha ! my little lord ! Lucy has no tender for some body."—

Fil. " O fye lord Belfont ! don't be scandalous ! I vow and protest !

Bel. " Nay, it don't signify ; I won't mind what you say. I can see ; sure I'm not blind : but, Filmore, I am come to you about business."—

Fil. " Business ! egad that's good,—you and I should make a good figure doing business together !—ha, ha, ha ! but you are come from Bath, was any body there Belfont !"

Bel. " Yes faith, on business ! to be serious, I am in love !"

Fil.

Fil. "In love! O let me split my sides!"
and for a minute and a half, a loud laugh proclaimed his lordship had a mind to be merry.

Bel. "Good lord Filmore, let me intreat you
"to be serious."

Fil. "Serious! la! you and I serious," (for these sprightly genius's, who are in reality never merry) think it a disgrace to be thought ever serious.

Bel. "Yes, Filmore, you must be serious!—
"you can serve me! a young lady a niece of
"yours, has made another man of me!"

Fil. "A niece of mine! pox o' me—what
"do you mean? the devil a niece have I,
"child!"—

Bel. "O for shame, my lord, do you not know
"Miss Filmore?"

Fil. "Egad that's true! poor Harry's daughter;
"ay faith, I think the law calls me uncle to all my brothers and sisters brats! but
"thank God there is but this one—is there
"Belfont? for pox o' me if I remember!"

This

This brutish affectation of brutishness, nettled lord Belfont, but he suppressed it, and proceeded;

Bel. "Come, come, Filmore, you have more sense; mind what I say! I am in love with your niece; and cannot live without her, have I your consent to"—

Fil. "To do what you please, good lord Belfont—but curse me if I give her one penny. I always told Hall he was a fool."

Bel. "Your lordship need not refuse me till I ask you—I don't want a fortune—I want Miss Filmore."

Fil. "Faith Belfont, I don't rightly understand thee; thou art not such a fool to marry without money. Thy estate is not large Belfont,—and as to thy having her on other terms, faith I never fight: so do as you will;—but 'tis odd you should ask my consent."

This lord Belfont could not endure, and in a great passion rising from his seat—

Bel. "What does the wretch mean!"—but suppressing his indignation,—“ My lord, I see
“ you

“you are inclined to be merry: but I can never look on the name of such an angel as your niece, to be a fit subject for jest.—”
 “I am serious, my lord, and insist on your being so too; I would marry that lady; I ask no fortune; and yet am opposed! I hoped, at least, to find you my friend.”

Fil. “Your friend, dear Belfont; ay, that I am, but duce take me if I know how it is; I, I, I thought you were going to ask for a fortune; and, and, rot it, you know I have granted such a cursed sight of annuities, that rat me, nothing but a plague can clear my estate; well! well! but what can I do; you want me to introduce you; ha! O yes, with all my heart!—here, who is there? curse me, I’ll introduce you this morning.”

Bel. “I thank your lordship, but your mother has taken a dislike to me.”

Fil. “Pshaw, a whimsical old—old—dam me, Sir, do you know, she keeps me out of 1200 l. a year?”

Lord Belfont began to hope very little from his brother peer; however, since he had begun, he would make the trial; and though he had himself

himself no opinion of the man's parts, yet he was not sure but a mother might; for which reason he resolved to give him his lesson, and try.

Bel. " Well, Filmore, 'tis a long story to tell; but you shall have it as we go together; for you shall set me down at White's, and then go to your mother's; and get me leave to visit her grand-daughter. You must be very nice, for the old lady is"—but a servant then entered, saying the chariot waited; so leaving lord Belfont to tell a story we already know, let us see what is doing elsewhere.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

As the profer of money is the touchstone of friendship, so when a rogue ventures his money, he is sure to succeed.

WE may remember to have seen Scrape triumphant, having drove Mr. Stanley out of the coffee-house; and Mr. Sourgrape was, we saw, his supporter and defender. Was not this kind? to defend the man who had so often thwarted his thrifty schemes? and who purchased, too, a thing he himself longed for. But his universal benevolence, for which he was remarked in the very first chapter of our history, did not stop in defending the father, it even descended to the son; and after vindicating them both in publick, he the next morning went to assist the son in private.

Scrape had furnish'd him with enough to make him seem to know all; and after that, he had gone to Mr. Stanley, and found that George had been sent by his father off to the Temple. Thither he came, while Martin was gone his morning visit. Stanley knew Sourgrape only as a neighbour of his father's; he received him civilly, but was a little surprized

to find him so familiar in his affairs ; for he spoke of Leonora, lord Belfont, lady Filmore, old Scrape, Mr. Stanley, and all their actions, as intimately as if each had given him a particular account. This at another time might have struck George, as an impropriety from a man he barely knew : but as there happened to be but two persons amongst those Sourgrape mentioned, of whom he spoke as having acted rightly, and as those two happened to be *Leonora*, and *Mr. George Stanley*, that was enough to make George overlook all the rest ; this was the first man he had met, that did not think him wrong ; and was consequently the first man he thought right in his senses. He grew very fond of Sourgrape, but a sudden thought struck him, that he was his father's neighbour, and might have been sent to sound him. He hinted something of this, and how ungenerous it would be ; but Sourgrape made a horse-laugh, “ Zounds, my boy, you don't know me ! I hate your old curmudgeons, that won't let young fellows be young fellows,—dam it, man, wan't I young myself? ay, by G— was I, and loved a clean girl as well as any of you :—dam me, I love to see a young man spirited.—No, no, I am no spy, not I, by Jingo.”——“ Here, my boy, I'll convince you ; here you young dog, do you want a

“hundred—shall have them, if you will, by
 “Jingo thou shalt!—and pulled out a long
 “purse.”—This last circumstance convinced
 George; and he almost embraced him for
 such good nature. He declined however the
 money,—saying, “Ah, Mr. Sourgrape, I
 “want no money, I thank you; all I want is
 “to know how my dear Leonora is? Whe-
 “ther lord Belfont visits her? How she re-
 “ceives him? These, these things, my friend,
 “would be dearer to me than gold:”——
 “Would they, then give me thy hand; thou
 “shalt know it all; all my boy.”—“How!
 “how! my best friend how!”—“nay George,”
 (for now he grew quite intimate) “what sig-
 “nifies how?—but dam me, I’ll tell you;
 “when the old lady entertains, Slim your
 “father’s neighbour and mine, serves her
 “with sweetmeats, and all your damnation
 “fiddle faddles of that sort; for he married
 “lady Filmore’s waiting-maid. The old
 “lady is very fond of her still. She
 “goes there, very often; and I know how to
 “prevail on mother Slim. I’ll tell her you are
 “a generous young *feller*, and I warrant she’ll
 “fish it all out for you. She has free access to
 “the house, and by G— she shall *pimp* for
 “thee.” There was one word in this last sen-
 tence, that Stanley could not endure; it hurt

the delicacy of his sentiments, and he could not help reprimanding Sourgrape; who, with the *greatest good humour* in the world, begg'd his pardon, and used another word; but promised to let him know all the next morning. He would breakfast with him if he'd be *alone*.—

“There will be no body but captain Martin, says George,”—“Oh, what the young man that ran away from Oxford, and went a rambling with you last summer.” Again George wish'd to reprimand him; but the other went on, “dam me, that was a brave freak by Jove; but what does he say? does he approve of your love affair?”—“Alas,” replied Stanley, “no, that friend who never deserted me, now, where all my happiness is at stake, that friend, ——— is now become my monitor.”—“Monitor, returned Sourgrape, oh, oh, dam me, I'll no monitors; no! no! we'll be alone, or I'll not come a-near you; and by the bye, I should not like that your old square toes knew that I came to you; for as we are neighbours,——you know he'd think I ought to be of his side; but dam me, I like your spirit, and won't be of his side; I'll serve you; ay, by G— will. I—but there's no reason to let him know it, and, d'ye see? don't say any thing to the captain.”—“poh! cried Stanley, I'll tell

“him ’tis a secret; and it will be as safe.”—
 But the other interrupted him,——“oh, you
 “will, will you? Good by then; for, dam me,
 “I have done with you.” Stanley, however,
 promised not to mention one word of it to any
 soul living.

Martin coming in just as the quondam vintner
 was gone, was surprized to find his friend
 in so good an humour. He told him he had
 been too late for lord Belfont.—Stanley looked
 a little grave, saying, “upon your honour you
 “did not see him.” “Stanley,” replied the
 other, “I am not apt to say an untruth; but
 “since you doubt me, upon my honour I have
 “not.”——“Forgive me, Martin! your friend-
 “ship I know would conceal what you thought
 “would hurt me to be acquainted with:
 “—— but will you try again to-mor-
 “row?” “No,” says Martin, “the morning
 “after, will I think be better,” in which the
 other acquiesced,—and then they fell into indif-
 ferent chat. Now Stanley had no great reason
 to be much easier. But when the mind is un-
 der the dominion of any passion, if we find a per-
 son who accords with us, and justifies our pas-
 sion, that alone is a prodigious satisfaction.
 This was the case with Stanley, whose mind
 was now easier, since he met one that joined

him. He was prevailed on to dine at his father's, which Martin pressed him to, because he knew it would give pleasure to the family to see him so resigned; and perhaps was not sorry to shew the sister how attentive he was to her mother. He did not now attempt to argue, or even speak of Stanley's love, but endeavoured to take his thoughts off, by lively discourse. Towards evening indeed, George grew a little more languid and low; for it began to occur to him, that perhaps lord Belfont had full leave to visit his fair one, when and at what times he pleased; perhaps Leonora saw him without regret,—perhaps she thought no more of *him*,—and ten thousand more *perhaps's* disquieted his soul. At parting he insisted on Martin's not having the trouble of going to his chambers, and this so warmly, that he was alarmed; and at last cried, “sure, Stanley, no secret reason makes you forbid my going with you;” “oh no! no! says Stanley,” “Nay, George,” replied the other, “you obliged me, on a trifling occasion, this morning, to give you my honour; tell me now, seriously, and honestly, in your turn, have you any hidden purpose? Have you taken any resolution? Tho’ I could wish you to think no more of this affair, yet if you do resolve to go on, I expect to be

“in-

“intrusted, and be assured you may depend up-
 “on me!—tell me honestly, have you any
 “thing in hand?” “No!” returned the o-
 ther, “upon my soul I am come to no reso-
 “lution what to do, and depend upon it, you
 “shall know it when I am; let me see you
 “about eleven to-morrow morning,” “why
 “late, George? you intend to do something? I
 “can’t help thinking so,”—“upon my soul I
 “don’t—suppose Marian is to be with me,”
 —cries Stanley? “Oh, then I have done,” re-
 turned the other, and so they parted. His Ger-
 man girl had now luckily recurred to him, and
 served as an excuse; and indeed no thought of
 her had occurred to him for many days before;
 but when once she had found the way to his
 thoughts, it was not so easy to put her out of
 them again as he could have wished;—so that
 there was now a new perplexity arisen. He was
 resolved to part with her; but how, even in
 point of money, he was at a loss; for his win-
 nings had almost all gone to pay his debts;
 and as to his allowance, tho’ he was no longer
 extravagant, yet was he no great œconomist,
 nor one of those sage young men who wisely
 take care always to have something to the fore;
 so that he now almost repented that he did not
 take the money of Sourgrape.

C H A P. VII.

Lord Filmore appears for the last time.

LORD Filmore, as was agreed, left lord Belfont at White's, and promised he would do all in his power to gain over the old lady to their party. Now he had not been to see his lady mamma for near a twelvemonth; nor was this a very long visit; for he returned to White's in little more than half an hour, saying, "dear Belfont, I have been in purgatory for thee, show me naked if I han't." "Well, well, my good lord, what! what! come into another room," says Belfont, pulling his brother peer along with him. "Bless me, Belfont," says the other, "be quiet; s'death do you take me for an orange wench?" and no sooner were they alone, than cries Belfont, "well, well, what have you done; what says she?" "Done, dam me," answered Filmore, "why the woman is mad; crazy, by this light! Belfont; tho' a word in your ear, that 1200 a year will be cursed convenient, and I don't think she'll hold it long."—"Damnation Sir!" returned the lover, "what mean you?" and giving him something like a shake,—“trifle no longer, tell me fully and
“par-

“ particularly all that passed, or at once rather
 “ tell me, I was a fool to employ you.” “ Why
 “ faith,” said the other, “ I don’t think it was
 “ very wise in thee.” Belfont now walked hastily
 up and down the room, muttering curses to
 himself. Lord Filmore continued speaking, “ do
 “ but hear now Belfont; it was drole enough.
 “ Humble servant your laship, says I; good
 “ morning, child, says she; hope your laship
 “ is well say I; pretty well, thank you, says
 “ she; how came I to have the honour of a
 “ visit from your lordship? says she:—’tis my
 “ duty to wait on your laship says I.—So then
 “ I talked about you. I said you were a glori-
 “ ous fellow, that all the girls loved you, all the
 “ fellows feared you,—and dam me, Belfont, I
 “ said a great deal about you.”—The angry
 lover happened just then to turn his face on
 lord Filmore, with a look of contempt and in-
 dignation; upon which Filmore continued,—
 “ Pox curse me, what think you? she turned
 “ upon me, and looked just as you do now;
 “ only you are walking, and she sat wriggling
 “ her fat bum in an easy chair:—so I thought
 “ it best to tell her a little what’s what. I said
 “ you should have the girl; and dam me, I
 “ rings the bell: call the girl here, says I, a’nt:
 “ I her uncle? You know, Belfont, I am her
 “ uncle: but split me, I thought the old one
 “ would

" would have tore the house down. She abused
 " you,—and abused me ; but I was resolved
 " not to be angry : so I sat down, and whistled
 " a tune, but egad she kept it up, called for
 " her coach, turned me out : by this light !
 " turned me out :—swore you should never
 " come within her doors, and that she'd in-
 " stantly go to—to—old—curse the bougre,—
 " I forgot his name,—there in the city."——
 This at last roused the lover's attention, and
 turning short ! " How ! how ! what ! what is
 " she gone into the city for ? And to whom ?"
 " Why ?" answered the other, " I believe, I
 " forgot to tell you, she is damn'd fond of
 " ——— a Mister Somebody,—and is gone
 " into the city, to get old—Scrape, ay, Scrape,
 " that's the fellow's name, to get his con-
 " sent for her fellow."——" Oh ! damnation,"
 cried the exasperated Belfont, " what an ass
 " have I been ! here ! call a coach : I'll follow
 " her immediately." " No !" cries the other,
 " take my chariot." " I will so," says Belf-
 font, and was running out, but Filmore called
 after him, " Oh ! one thing more I remem-
 ber,"—" what's that ?" says the other, in
 haste, " Why," said Filmore, " she swore she
 " had rather *one*, *one* Stanley, I think she called
 " him, had her, than you ; who the devil is
 " that fellow, Belfont ?" The other darted a
 look

look at him on this, that made him not at all sorry his lordship had no time to spare. As for Belfont, he hurried into the chariot, and ordered the coachman to fly into the city, which the fellow pretty nearly did.

In spite of his haste, her ladyship was at the scrivener's before him. She had that morning been visited by another person, before she saw her son. This was Mr. Lloyd, who not very well pleased with his last night's rencounter with lord Belfont, being forced to leave him there, had come earlier than is usual with people of fashion, to expostulate with her ladyship; who seeing it was absolutely necessary, from what had dropt from lord Belfont, to break the affair to Leonora, and not chusing to do it herself, was glad to see Lloyd, and resolved he should do it. Lloyd being told, that lady Filmore had only kept Belfont, the night before, to give him his answer, and that now he was welcome to speak his mind to Leonora, he was in high spirits:—tho' at the same time, he was at some little loss, how he should express himself.

Filmore's calling, served her ladyship as an excuse for leaving the Cambro-Briton alone with Leonora? Whether it was, that Mr. Lloyd was not fluent in his expressions, or warm enough in his manner, or that Leonora was not in-

clined to listen to him, he no sooner intimated his passion, than, with the true dignity of a fine girl of seventeen, who disdains to hear any thing of love, from any man—but the man she likes—she assumed a certain seriousness, “and what do you mean, Sir?”—spoke with a certain voice and air, that at once silenced poor Lloyd; who only answered, “nothing, ma’am.”

As lady Filmore had not spoke to Leonora on the subject, nor given her any commands, she thought she might behave, as if she did not know her grandmamma’s inclinations.

After this, there was for a long time a total stagnation of conversation. At last Lloyd again took courage, and resumed the subject; when she got up, saying, “You surprize me, Sir!” and then left him alone, to bite his thumb nails, which, had the mother and son’s conversation held much longer, he had intirely consumed; but that ended, Lady Filmore came to him, and tho’ not very well pleased, that Leonora had left him, yet satisfied that he had broke the ice, she bad him come again in the afternoon.

When Lloyd was gone, lady Filmore said nothing to Leonora, concerning her behaviour.

to that gentleman; but only said, she was going about business into the city, and begged she would not see any company whatever till her return; when she should say a great deal to her on a particular affair. Leonora promised very readily to keep her room, and guessing what this particular business was, had little inclination to see company;—so her grandmamma departed, and, as was said before, arrived at Scrape's before lord Belfont.

C H A P. VIII.

If you lose your temper, you'll certainly lose the game, play for what you will.

HIS lordship was vex'd to find the old lady had the start of him, as he saw she had, by her coach standing at Scrape's door. He was in some doubt how to act; whether to confront her, or stay till she was gone; that so having Scrape all to himself, he might efface whatever impressions her ladyship might have made. He resolved on the latter, and setting a servant to watch the departure of the dowager, he waited impatiently at a neighbouring coffee-house.

Lady Filmore, in order to recommend her own scheme to Scrape, told him Mr. Lloyd's estate was three times as much as lord Belfont's, which

which he knew to be true; and as she observed, that Scrape would himself be in the receipt of all the rents, with some other little points which her ladyship knew the man too well to omit; she had certainly prevailed, and lord Belfont's interest had been gone, had it not been for one circumstance which followed, viz. that he should secure to the young people, 20,000 l. at his death: but that strengthened his lordship's cause again, for *his* lordship asked nothing. For tho' Scrape had been resolved to have given Leonora all he was worth at his death, yet he could not bear to be bound to give her a farthing. But he had made no resolution at all, about the disposal of his fortune; indeed his thoughts had been so wholly employed in increasing it, that it seldom occurred to him, that he one day must part with it: and when so troublesome a thought did intrude, he always shifted it off. Hence lady Filmore had here a hard game to play. From her son's visit her temper had been a little ruffled. She was not a great mistress of that coolness which every gamester knows is requisite to play the cards to advantage, and make the most of a bad hand. Instead of soothing him, and still keeping her finger on the great string of his heart, which nothing but interest could possibly touch, her ladyship began to talk high, and
to

to mention *natural affection* and *honour*. But as there are some people, to whom even inoculation will not give the small-pox ; so are there some, a very few I hope, on whom natural affection and honour have no manner of effect. Scrape happened, in this case, not to be of the *multitude*. He grew peevish, her ladyship waxed warm, he was cross, she loud and imperious ; so that in five minutes the whole house was in an uproar. The grandfather had the impudence to accuse the grandmother of spoiling the girl, by her folly and extravagance. The grandmother, with more justice than prudence, taxed him with inhumanity and neglect ; but *just* as this might be, it had no weight with Scrape ;—’till, in a vast rage, at last, the old lady threatened to leave his grand-daughter upon his hands, and have no more to do with him or her.—“ Since you complain, said she, “ of my spending too much upon her, you “ may now keep her yourself ; I’ll send her “ home this very afternoon, I will so,— “ you, you, you, you old, old,—man— “ you,”—cried the enraged dowager. This had a sudden effect on the old miser, who saw, at one view, the whole expence his grand-daughter’s coming home, must be to him ; and considering, that the very marrying her out of his own house, must half ruin such a

poor

poor man as himself, who was worth very little more than one poor single hundred thousand. —He therefore began to do all he could to pacify the lady dowager; but the fire of her wrath was kindled, and all his blandishments served but as a soft gentle western breeze to blow up the flame. Unless he instantly consented to sign articles answerable to her wishes, she would send the girl to him. And now it was doubtful, what turn affairs might take, for Scrape would have submitted to any thing after death, sooner than an immediate expence in his life-time; but lord Belfont weary of waiting at the coffee-house, and fearing things might be concluded against him, while he delayed, resolved to confront the old lady; and came in just at this critical moment. The sight of him ought to have made lady Filmore recollect herself, but it inflamed her the more. His lordship soon saw how things stood; he saw too how much Scrape wanted a second, and he took care to inspire him with a little more spirit; but would not let him talk much: nor indeed did the old man affect it. His lordship took up the discourse, and treated the dowager with so much politeness and coolness, that her ladyship soon lost all patience: for there is nothing our anger can so little put up with, as an overstrained coolness in our

antag-

antagonist. This his lordship knew well enough, and played his part accordingly: till, in a rage the dowager departed, vowing she'd wash her hands of them all, and send the girl away the moment she went home.

The poor miser's mind was too full, not to force a vent; and no sooner did he see lord Belfont alone with him, than he cried out, "Oh, my lord! you see, because at her desire I would not give you up, she is resolved to ruin me at once; there, she is gone to turn the girl out upon me: what shall I do with her?" and fell a blubbering: "I won't have her! odds curse! what should I do with a fine t'other end of the town young madam?—no! curse me if I take her! she made her what she is, and now let her take her for her pains; I'm resolved she shall not come here!"—Lord Belfont was glad to find that Scrape's sole dread of seeing his grand-daughter, was, lest she might bring an expence with her.—There was no possibility of affronting Scrape, where you offered any thing he could get by. Lord Belfont, therefore, need have been under no apprehensions of offending his hoped-for father-in-law, when he gave him to understand, that he insisted on being charged with

with the whole expence of Miss Filmore's stay in the city; yet it was so habitual to lord Belfont to do things in an easy and conciliating manner, that a man of more delicacy than Isaac Scrape, could not have been offended at it.

No sooner was he convinced that his granddaughter would be no charge to him, and that his interest was not concerned, than his other passions began to play: for these men have their passions, tho' they never shew themselves when and where their interest is concerned; so that while you deal with a man of this character, you may despise him, contemptuously use him, abuse him, say and do what you please, he bears it with patience. But you are not therefore to conclude, he has no resentment, no pride, no pique, no revenge at heart, for no mistress slighted after enjoyment is fuller of revenge, no soldier injured in his honour is more jealous of an affront than these fellows are, and let them once have you safe signed, sealed, and delivered, you'll soon see and feel the vengeance they'll exact.

Now Scrape hated no woman living, so much as lady Filmore, for she had received, and supported his daughter, after that daughter's disobedience to him, and his having vowed "to make
 "her

“ her sup sorrow ;” then too, she had nourished and supported that daughter’s daughter, whom Scrape resolved to abandon : and this she had done too at a very considerable expence, that made the world loud in her ladyship’s praise, and not quite silent in their animadversions on himself. Except in getting money, then, there was nothing wherein he could so much indulge his heart, as in crossing lady Filmore, and when he found lord Belfont was so bent on being at the whole expence, he almost adored him, and swore he’d send for Leonora immediately : but that his lordship would not admit of, for he concluded, that lady Filmore, in the height of her resentment, and the *glow* of her passion, might possibly send Leonora to the city ; but if her passion cooled, as she went home, and a moment’s thought made her recollect herself, he knew she had too much sense to do the very thing that probably must defeat her whole design. To send for Leonora would only make her recollect herself, and shewing her error make her avoid it for ever ; he therefore begg’d his intended father-in-law, on the contrary, to personate great fear of her ladyship sending his grand-daughter home, and to send to her, begging her not to do that, and requesting only, that she would give him time to think a little : for his lordship did not know, but Lloyd was

as willing to take the lady without a fortune as he was; and therefore he thought it absolutely necessary to gain time. Now her ladyship, as he had imagined, did recollect herself before she got home, and intirely laid aside all thought of sending her grandchild to Scrape.

CHAP. IX.

If we resolve in anger, the resolution ends with our anger.

LADY Filmore finding, that not a creature had been there, and that Leonora had not stirred out of her chamber, was so much pleased at this little trifle, that she imagined herself in high good humour, and went immediately to her grand-daughter's room. Poor Leonora had spent this time in melancholy comfortless reflections on her own situation. She saw and owned her grandmother's great care and affection for her, and it was no small pain to her heart, that any thing should arise, wherein she might even seem to contradict her. She could not but see that Lloyd had lady Filmore's leave to pay his addressee, and very well knew, that in her own heart, she could not admit of them. As for lord Belfont, she took it into her head, that he had really
used

used her ill, and that his passion was an insult on her. In fine, she was really and truly offended at his obstinacy, tho' she was not quite so much displeased at Stanley's *perseverance*. She had told him to desist, *but that was impossible*, and so she now began to think it herself; and therefore she resolved to think of him no more; accordingly she sigh'd and told her heart she had forgot him; then sighed again, and perhaps with some little pleasure, recollected how sincerely she *had* loved him: but there was no danger in that, since she had now *forgot him*. But then, since she gave him up to oblige her grandmamma, would it not be hard to expect she should make a sacrifice of herself, to a man she could not approve of?—Such were her thoughts, when her grandmamma came in,—to whom it was visible enough, that her granddaughter was not without some inward perturbations of mind. She sat down however, and plainly told Leonora, that her great regard for her, had induced her to look for a proper husband for her; and that she had found him in the person of Mr. Lloyd: a man of prodigious fortune, and of as antient a family as any this island could boast of. Leonora turned pale, tho' it was no more than she had expected, and the good lady not being in that settled temper, which is always requisite when we have any
point

point to gain, treated her discomposure with great indifference, and seemed a little peremptorily to insist on an immediate acquiescence in, and obedience to her commands; "*sure she knew who was proper company for her house!*" and she expected every one in the house "would shew them the respect she required:"

—"Yes, my dear grandmamma! I hope I shall never be wanting in respect to your friends,——but"———"but!" the dowager would hear no *buts*; her displeasure raised her voice, and her voice in its turn raised her passion. She renewed the threats she had used in the city, and they were equally alarming here——She began them with a——

"Yes, I suppose your vanity wants a title, you silly creature! the man I recommend is of an hundred times as good a family! you and your grandfather want a lord!"——

Here Leonora found her voice, and used it eagerly to disavow any the least, smallest, most minute respect for the peer; but that availed her little, for she was then accused of a still meaner passion, for a tradesman's son. To this she answered, with a *now* and then *no*, and frequent tears; till the old lady grew outrageous: which was so far from subduing the fair Leonora, that it inspired her with a small portion of her grandmamma's own spirit. She collected

lected strength enough to own, that Stanley was not indifferent to her, but at the same time vowed to think no more of him ; and then begg'd,—pray'd,—that, as she gave up her own inclination, she might not have any thing forced upon her entirely against her will. She also pleaded her age, and what not ? but all served only to irritate the old lady ; who at last threatened to turn her instantly over to her grandfather in the city ; and failed not to let her know, how much old Scrape was in the interest of lord Belfont. “ Your grandfather, says she, is not such a fool as I am, to mind a girl's tears.” Leonora sobb'd, cried, then vowed, then prayed, then promised, then cried again ; but, in the conclusion, the grandmother prevailed so far as, that Mr. Lloyd should that afternoon be received civilly by the young lady, and the old one promised, for that time, he should not be left alone with her.—The truth was, they had alarmed each other. Lady Filmore, when she saw Leonora exert a spirit she never had before observed in her, was a little afraid to force her into open defiance ; for tho' she saw in her something like a settled dislike of lord Belfont, yet she did not observe any the least inclination towards Mr. Lloyd ; and if too much pressed, she

she knew not, but in spite of all promises she might get rid of them both, by throwing herself on Stanley.—She therefore requested only, that Lloyd might visit her; assured her, she would soon see him in another light; told her the spirit he had manifested, the night he met lord Belfont; talked of his prudence, and I know not what: then occasionally insinuated her grandfather's severity of disposition; that if once she went to him, he would make no delay, but at once force her to take any man he chose, without respect to her inclination. This part of her grandfather's character Leonora was not unacquainted with, and as she abhorred the thought of lord Belfont, she could not but be wonderfully alarmed at the least apprehension of being under the power of Scrape, who might force her to do the thing in the world she most abhorred; for as to Lloyd, tho' indeed she did not love him, yet if he had not pretended to her, she would have liked him just as well as any other man: nay perhaps she thought herself a little obliged to Mr. Lloyd, as, but for him, it was not improbable that lady Filmore would have espoused lord Belfont's interest; so that she had at least no objection to Lloyd for being Belfont's rival, —but she actually hated the latter for being Stanley's rival.

In

In this dread therefore of going to her grandfather's, Leonora was not sorry to compound for Lloyd's visit, provided she was not to be hurried, nor pressed yet a-while to more than mere *civility*; and the grandmother thought when she had prevailed for so much, that the rest would come of course;—so that they were, so far, neither of them much displeased, tho' each had their own perplexities, with this difference, that the old lady saw where her's lay; and therefore could take the proper measures to extricate herself; but the young one, tho' she found herself sick to the heart with uneasiness, yet knew not how to account for it:—for she had resolved to forget Stanley; so to be sure it could not be from that quarter, and yet she could not find it any where else.

But the old lady's perplexity was this; she knew her friend Mrs. Lloyd would never consent to a match without some certainty, and she saw no great probability of ever bringing Scrape to make a settlement; and yet she could not bear the thoughts of giving up a favourite scheme.—When we are once bent on any design, we reconcile ourselves to ten thousand things we otherwise would not listen to. Lady Filmore was a most excellent good woman, compassionate and charitable, with the highest
sense

sense of honour. To be any way concerned in making a friend's child take a step contrary to the inclination of the parent, would have seemed to her unpardonable ; to suffer her own grandchild to marry any man clandestinely, would at any time have shocked her pride.—But she was now bent on the match—and other reasonings now had weight.—*This gentleman's family entitles him to any woman.—My grandchild is a match for any man,—she has a noble estate,—she sooner or later must have a large fortune.* She therefore resolved to keep the thing on foot, to give the young man all the help she could,—to keep up the mother's expectation of a fortune,—as well as she could !—to try again, what she could do with Scrape,—to do all she could to prevail on Leonora : in which if she once succeeded, even tho' Scrape should remain stubborn and inflexible, and tho' Mrs. Lloyd should fly off, yet, if the young man's heart was so far engaged, that he would run all hazards of a fortune, (and it was no more than lord Belfont offered, which might pique his pride)—she did not think it absolutely incumbent on her to obstruct any measures the young people might take.—Thus had her ladyship made up her mind, and resolved to act accordingly, so that whenever Mr. Lloyd came afterwards to the house, which he constantly did
once

once a day, if no more ; she was received with great and particular kindness by lady Filmore, and with much cold civility by Leonora.

CHAP. X.

We now visit the Temple again.

SOURGRAPE was as good as his word, and was pretty early next morning with Stanley, who was eager to hear him, but not a syllable would Sourgrape utter, till he had assured himself, that no captain Martin, or any other, was within ear-shot. He then opened : “ Well my boy, I have a great deal
 “ of news for thee ; egad I can turn mother
 “ Slim round my finger. So dam me, I goes to
 “ her, and talks about her friend lady Filmore,
 “ so dam me, says she,”—Stanley, who was all impatience, could not but interrupt him,
 “ Nay, dear Sir ! no matter how you came by
 “ it ; pray tell me what have you learnt of my
 “ dear, dear Leonora,—at least say it is good
 “ news or bad.”—“ Why then, George, dam
 “ my ———, if I know whether it’s good or
 “ bad, for old Scrape has consented to lord
 “ Belfont, and he was there all day yesterday.”
 “ O heavens”——exclaimed the lover,——
 “ Nay, dam you, be quiet a while,—the old
 VOL. II. E “ woman

“woman won’t consent to it.”—“May heaven reward her !” in a short ejaculation cried Stanley. “Why there now ! now you’re
 “wrong again, wrong again; fore-George
 “thee art,” returned the vintner: “How !
 “says Stanley, did you not say the good lady
 “Filmore refused the ravisher !” “Pshaw,
 “pshaw, dam your nonsense, you and your
 “*good lady*, and *your ravisher* ! what stuff is
 “this ?—dam me, I tell you,—she has another
 “man, one Lloyd, and he has a better chance
 “than all of you, dam me has he !” The lover again exclaimed and cursed his fate ; but at last desired his informer to be as circumstantial as might be :—upon which he proceeded, “Well
 “then, as I was going home from you, what
 “should I see, but the old lady’s coach at
 “Scrape’s ? sbobs thinks I, this is odd ! I have
 “often seen it in our street at your father’s,
 “but never at Scrape’s ; so dam me, I went
 “to the purl-house just opposite, (the dog that
 “keeps the house owes me some money) so
 “there I stays, and by and by, dam me, who
 “should go in, but a tall fellow in a laced
 “coat : so, dam me, thinks I, who can this
 “be ? and he came out of a chariot too ; so
 “I sends the landlord to know who he
 “was ? and dam me, who do think it was ?”
 —Nay, good Mr. Sourgrape, says Stanley,

pray let me know what you have heard? what
 of Miss Filmore? "Poh! says Sourgrape, stay
 "a little,—who the devil should it be but lord
 "Belfont!" "Hell and destruction! Belfont!
 "what, and so all was made up, ha! cries
 "George!" "No, dam me, cries the other,
 "nothing was made up,—for not ten minutes
 "after, out comes my lady, and steps into her
 "coach; I could see she was in a bloody pas-
 "sion; so what does I do, but curse me if I
 "didn't go over to old Scrape's. I made an
 "errand; so I staid talking with his wife, a
 "good half hour, but dam me, there is no get-
 "ting any thing of she. At last, in comes the
 "old fellow himself, so after my sham business
 "was over; neighbour, says I, you have deal
 "of grand folks comes to you; so egad I
 "pumped the old rogue, and dam me, I got
 "all out of him." Here he gave Stanley no
 very bad account of what had happened in
 the city;—then proceeding, "but by G—
 "the old woman was too cunning for them,
 "for at night Mrs. Slim comes to me, and
 "tells me, that she was just come from her.
 "She found out, from my lady, that there had
 "been the devil and all to pay in the morning,
 "when the old lady came first out of the
 "city; that the young one had at last agreed
 "to receive this same Lloyd, and she left Lloyd

“there, she tells me, at seven at night, when she came away.”—This account alarmed the lover beyond expression:—ten thousand times he traversed the room, ten thousand times he was on the point of accusing his mistress of infidelity, and as often checked himself; sometimes not believing the account he had heard, sometimes throwing all the blame on the grandmother. However, his adviser brought him to his senses, and shewed him, that this double rivalry would at least delay matters; so that George again recovered himself: and indeed this third man did not give him that uneasiness that one might suppose a new rival would. It seemed in some measure to acquit him of being the obstacle of his friend’s happiness, the thought of which sometimes gave him no small uneasiness; and as to fear of this rival’s success, he had very little. Lord Belfont, he knew, might well succeed with any woman; but his great opinion of Leonora’s understanding, and his something like a good opinion of himself, made him look on it almost as an impossibility, that any man but lord Belfont, or himself, should succeed with Leonora.

Stanley gave Sourgrape a full account of his affairs, not omitting even the German girl, tho’ vowing he had no longer any love for her, and

and that his whole heart was Leonora's;—
 “Why then, dam me, says Sourgrape, if
 “you don't love her, sblood what do you
 “plague yourself about? you say she's pretty;
 “bid her provide herself; dam me, I warrant,
 “she'll do well enough.”—“How Sir, says
 “Stanley, I am unhappy enough in having
 “seduced the poor girl; tho' God is my wit-
 “ness, I happened to prevail in a moment
 “when I had no thought of attempting it; it
 “was, by my soul! it was no premeditated de-
 “sign. Poor unhappy girl! I pity her from
 “my heart. I have indeed ruined her, yet
 “she is no profligate; and God forbid I
 “should expose her to infamy; I would
 “sooner lose my life than entertain such a
 “thought.” “Well, that's a brave fellow,
 “says Sourgrape,” “I love you for your ho-
 “nour, by G— I had only a mind to try
 “you,” (tho', in fact, the quondam vintner had
 him and his honour in contempt) “what
 “then do you intend to do with the girl?”
 George assured him, he intended to consider
 her no longer as a mistress, but designed to
 provide for her, if possible, by putting her into
 some business, where, by industry, she might
 get her bread,—or to send her to her own
 country; but, lamenting his present incapacity
 to do either, as he had no money, said he

should be glad of the sum Sourgrape had so generously offered him the day before. Unluckily Sourgrape had disposed of it, but then he was very sorry it should happen so; so that Stanley was equally obliged to him.

This good friend, however, at last recollected,—that there was a fellow, a pawnbroker, a great rogue indeed, and damnably exorbitant; but, says he, “I have known him to lend money sometimes, upon personal security.” He then offered George, to introduce him; for which purpose they walked out together, and Sourgrape sent for Mr. Blueball, with whom he left him, and who was ready to furnish Stanley, since he was Mr. Sourgrape’s friend, with two hundred on his bond; that is, he would take a bond for the 200 l. payable in three months; after deducting the interest of a year, *for it was his custom he said, never to take less interest than for a whole year, nor to lend the principal for more than three months.* As to premium he never took any. If indeed gentlemen would lay out any thing in the shop, why they might, if they pleased, or they might let it alone: not that he ever lent money to any but his customers;—so that George was obliged to become a customer, before he could be a borrower; and Mr. Blueball putting several pretty things into his

his hands, he, in a few minutes, was something more than twenty guineas in Blueball's books, : so that of his 200l. he did not carry off quite 170l. With this sum, however, which was fully sufficient to answer his present purpose, he walked off in high spirits, and knowing that his German girl, was a very good judge of laces, it was in that business he was resolved to fix her.

CHAP. XI.

Proof that a woman may have great worth, tho' she has lost one virtue.

MARTIN, who had waited some time with no small uneasiness, rejoiced to see Stanley, and to see him too in better spirits than he had been for some days past. Stanley immediately told him his resolution of quitting, and providing for his mistress, a resolution that would, at any other time, have given his friend great pleasure, but at this time it seemed to imply so determined an attachment to Leonora, that he could not be thoroughly pleased with it. He even advised him against quitting a girl who had behaved so well to him ; at least till he could provide for her. In answer to this, Stanley acquainted him with what he had been about that morning. Martin

knew something of Sourgrape's character, and was not satisfied his friend should have any close connection with such a person; but the man had given himself so much trouble, and that too without any visible interest of his own, that he could not find fault with him; yet he would have persuaded Stanley to restore the 200l. and to leave his girl for the present as she was; but the lover broke out, "he swore he could not bear the thought of any other woman's supposing she had any share of a heart, that was wholly his Leonora's."

Martin seeing him in so good a humour, ventured to speak of lord Belfont's passion as a reason against his. Stanley, on the other hand, avowed his resolution never to give up Leonora. Of lord Belfont he spoke with great moderation; said indeed his lordship had treated him a little too harshly, but allowed all his virtues. He then insisted on Martin's taking the trouble of reconciling the little German to his determined resolution of seeing her no more. This young creature had many virtues; she admired and loved Stanley; to him she yielded, to every other man she was as cold as a vestal; and tho' her affection to him was intire and sincere, yet was it unattended with that fire and

and flame that is so often the companion of sincerity in love! She knew herself not to be the wife of Stanley; she looked on him as her lord and master; and to him as such paid a most willing obedience. She often grieved to think there must be a parting day, but never flattered herself that they should not part. Stanley always treated her with good humour, civility, and somewhat of affection, but she would often say, half jest, half earnest, "she believed she had then more of his heart than any other woman had; yet the day was still to come, that should see any woman really mistress of his heart;" and would add, "Well, I wish it may be your wife, and I shall be satisfied."

When, notwithstanding her resignation, Martin came on this embassy, she was not quite so well satisfied. Perhaps it was because the lady he loved, was not yet his wife. Martin had an unpleasant office, but his arguments, and the poor girl's own good sense, at last prevailed. She thought it hard indeed never to see him again;—she was sure, if he would now and then call on her, and tell her, he did not hate her,—she was sure she desired no more. He knew she never wished for more than his company,—and if her unhappy condition shewed (for she was then very near the time of

being a mother) more had passed—he must confess 'twas himself, not she that was to blame, for she never was a wanton.—What a pity 'tis, my fair readers don't understand High Dutch! they then might have had the very words, that this poor forsaken girl used on this occasion; and if they had, I fear they would never forgive our hero; for sure no woman ever sinned with more innocence! If she wanted one virtue that some of the worst women possess, she had many, that the best and worthiest of her sex would be proud of.—She submitted however, since *he* had so resolved, to see Stanley no more; all she requested was, that if she had a son, it might bear the name of George. Martin was almost in love with her for the whole of her behaviour. He told her Stanley's purpose of providing for her;—to which she only said, that tho' she knew herself never to be mistress of his heart, yet she knew his worth too well, to suspect he would abandon to the world one whose heart he knew himself to be intirely master of. She knew Martin very well, and they had much conversation. Among the rest, she asked him if this lady was really *very* beautiful, *very* handsome,—*very* good,—and a great many more *very's*, that puzzled the honesty and good-nature of Martin to answer; however, he avoided them all, by

by assuring her, that Stanley should himself see her that afternoon, for he thought it unfair he should leave her in the condition she was then in. On his return to his friend, he was so copious in his praises of this unhappy girl, that Stanley began sincerely to repent his having been the undoer of so worthy a creature. Martin would have advised him to continue visiting her, at least till she was brought to-bed, but he would only consent to pay her one visit that afternoon.

The captain went first, to apprize her of Stanley's intention. She thank'd him, as she saw it was to him she owed the favour, and begg'd him to prevail on Stanley not to say one word of their parting, to her.—I must, says she, ask a little about the lady; God send she may deserve his love! then dropt a tear, and silently waited for Stanley. When he came, she received him with her usual openness and good humour, tho' it was visible enough that her mind was not at ease. He was struck with her manner. Had she reviled him for deserting her; had she upbraided him with her love to him; perhaps he had been convinced it was high time to leave her: but this respectful resignation and good humour touch'd his

his heart; and at that instant, perhaps, he felt something more like love, than ever he had before felt for her. For a moment his love to Leonora was suspended; but Leonora conquered, and he assumed some pride to himself for making her such a sacrifice; but it added not a little to his esteem for the girl, that she should be a sacrifice worthy of Leonora.—As to the former, she neither spoke one word relating to herself, nor suffered George or his friend to say any thing; but of the lady she was to yield to, she enquired a great deal; in so pretty a way, that she induced Stanley to give her a particular account of the whole affair. On the mention of lord Belfont, she could not help saying, “sure “you can’t be afraid of him?” perhaps the recollection of having herself withstood him, at that moment flattered her vanity. George at last began to vow, that tho’ he was not her lover, he would always be her friend; and was going to tell her what he intended to do, but she interrupted him,—only saying, excuse me for a moment. Then leaving the room, George and his friend sat near half an hour alone, wondering she did not return, and calling for her maid, found they were both gone out; but the maid soon after returned with a billet directed to captain Martin, of which the following is a

trans-

translation from the German; for tho' she spoke the English by this time very well, and even wrote it, yet she chose here to use her own language, in which she could express herself with more freedom.

S I R,

“ **W**HEN first I met your friend, I was
 “ an humble creature, without pride;
 “ but I have seen and admired too much of
 “ it in him not to have caught a little of it my-
 “ self. May be my abrupt departure, just now,
 “ was, that I might flatter myself in thinking I
 “ rather left him, than was left by him!—
 “ but foolish that I am! why say I so?—should
 “ I then have had a pride in having left him?
 “ O no! my only pride always was to love him!
 “ perhaps you may attribute my absence to my
 “ being unable to stand a parting, and may
 “ be, you were not wrong; for indeed my
 “ heart is full of my dear Stanley. May his
 “ wife deserve to be as dear to him as he is
 “ to me,——and may they prove so to each
 “ other!——but indeed, Sir, she cannot love
 “ him more than I do.”

“ I know Mr. Stanley's circumstances. I
 “ know he cannot have much to spare.——
 “ I want for nothing,—— his good nature
 “ has

" has not left me bare, and I was never un-
 " thrifty of what he bestowed upon me. I
 " repeat it, that upon my word I want for
 " nothing; and I cannot bear to be a burden
 " to him unnecessarily. I will take the liberty
 " of sending for you, and entrusting to your
 " care, what it shall please God to give me.
 " Mr. Stanley may sometimes remember he is
 " a father, tho' in prudence he must not tell
 " the world so. Farewell, may he be ever
 " happy as a fond woman can wish the idol of
 " her heart.

P. S. " Assure Mr. Stanley that I am
 " now in want of nothing; and that my
 " own industry will hereafter support me.
 " Assure him I will never behave in a man-
 " ner unworthy of the woman who deserved
 " his esteem, tho' it was not her good for-
 " tune to gain his heart."

The maid who brought the letter, said her
 mistress, paying her her wages in the morning,
 had gone out in a hackney coach, and carried
 away all her things; that she had likewise paid
 off the lodging, but that neither she, nor the
 woman of the house, knew where she carried
 her things to, nor where she was now gone.

That

That her mistress had taken her out with her, but did not say a word till they had walked a good many streets, and then getting into an hackney coach, she gave the maid the letter, but no directions to the coachman, till the maid was out of hearing.

C H A P. XII.

Friends once rivals, can never be thorough friends again.

MARIAN would at no time receive more money from Stanley than was just sufficient to support her; and not even that, at such times as she perceived him low in cash; for she had been taught to work as we before mentioned; and at such times, in spite of Stanley, she would not be prevailed on to lessen his little, but used to take advantage of her good uncle's care; she carried some work to a milliner of great business and good character, who was so well pleased with it, that she was always ready to take all that Marian could bring her; and they grew by this pretty well acquainted.

The

The milliner would have persuaded her to leave Stanley, telling her, that one who work'd so well, need not continue such a way of life. The little German assured her, that no view of gain could have made her go into it, but that she was too much attached to her undoer to think of parting. The woman laughed at her sincerity, and supposing Stanley to be as too many are, mean enough to leave the unhappy object of their pleasure, to shame and beggary, assured Marian, that she would repent her attachment, and that he would desert her. George had however, lately, not been so low, so that Marian had discontinued her acquaintance with the milliner, which, on this occasion, she renewed, and had in the morning gone to her. The woman having always seen something in Marian's manner, that shewed she was more to be pitied than condemned, was glad to see her, and to find her bad connexions at an end. She recommended her to a lodging in a decent private family, at a neighbouring village. Here Martin, who, at his friend's desire had taken great pains to discover her retreat, had the good fortune to find her. She intreated him not to bring Stanley to her, for said she, "I have now settled my mind; perhaps another interview might again unfix me; and I were then unhappy for ever:"

and

and she desired Martin himself not to be too frequent in his visits. Stanley submitted not to go near her,—but insisted on her taking the money which he sent by Martin, and with much persuasion she took 50 pieces. That sum, she said, was sufficient, with industry, to put her in a way to get her bread.

It happened one day, when Martin was there, that the old milliner herself came. At first sight of a young officer, the good woman began to be vexed; but matters were soon cleared up, and she conceived a tolerable good opinion of Martin. She joined him in persuading Marian, to take the remaining 120 l. for George had devoted the whole produce of his 200 l. bond to this purpose; and when the girl would not take it, the milliner told Martin who she herself was; “Sir, says she, I am answer-
“able for larger sums than this. Let me take
“it, for the use of this poor girl, and when
“we come to town, I’ll give you a proper
“acknowledgment of my receiving it for her
“use; with this sum, and my care, she may do
“very well.” Martin, was presently convinced of the rectitude of the milliner’s intentions, and agreed to her proposal.

The

The milliner proved very honest in her trust, and very careful of Marian, insomuch, that she insisted on no more visits from the captain; he might call as often as he pleased she said to enquire about her, at her house in town; but insisted on his going no more to the country: in which the captain acquiesced.

Thus things went on for some weeks. Lord Belfont was keeping up his interest with Scrape, and endeavouring by every method in his power to reconcile lady Filmore to him; in which he had very little success. Mr. Lloyd still continued to visit Leonora, who, on a day or two after her agreement with the aunt, made a bold push to rid herself of him.—She plainly told him, her heart could never be his, and begg'd him to desist; and that too in such a manner, as not to leave her liable to her grandmamma's displeasure.—Lloyd was thunder-struck, but as he was really a man of honour, he would not make use of a parent's authority to force a lady,—and he resolved to desist, but could not do it, without his mother's observing some uneasiness; and on cross examination, she found out the whole affair: in a fury she told it to lady Filmore, and poor Leonora was again threatened with being sent to Scrape's; to avoid which she promised
to

to reconcile herself to Mr. Lloyd's company, and never to affront him again; so his visits were more frequent than ever; and Leonora durst not but be very civil, for fear of her grandmamma.

At length, however, she again grew tired of Lloyd, and contrived a way to make *him* leave her. Instead of sitting demure, and shewing she was not pleased with his company, she put on an appearance of content and ease, while he confined himself to park and plays, and balls and drefs; if he transgressed and ventured to speak of his passion, then indeed a sudden seriousness overspread her countenance, which sufficiently silenced the poor man; and when she had a mind to get rid of him, she would honour him with some little errand. One thing happened well for her, he had never heard a syllable of Stanley, so that he thought lord Belfont his only rival; and tho' he never could obtain the least hint in favour of his own passion, yet did he sometimes prevail so far as to hear her disavow any regard for the peer.—But this, she never condescended to, without insisting on his leaving her soon after. She at last brought him to consent never to mention his passion, but in return she very generously allowed him to talk of any thing else he pleased. This looked
whim-

whimsical to him, but women he knew would be whimsical : and to the mothers all seemed to go on swimmingly. Mrs. Lloyd, tho' she had little hopes of Scrape's consent, yet as Scrape was old, she did not chuse to break off the affair ; and as to lady Filmore, her opinion is already known, and so is Stanley's, Leonora's, and lord Belfont's.

Leonora, perhaps, may be thought by some to have coquetted a little with Lloyd ; but if we observe how cautious she was, not to give him the least word of encouragement, and how plainly she had at first dealt with him, we must applaud her ingenuity, in getting rid of the addresses of a man she did not like ; and praise her constancy to the man she did like, rather than condemn her for duplicity.

As for Stanley and lord Belfont, their common friend Martin made use of Lloyd as a reading glass, through whose medium they recovered the advantage of seeing one another in a just light ; for he shewed them, that Lloyd might possibly rob them both. He could not indeed restore them to their former friendship ; but they never avoided one another. When they met, they were civil enough, and behind each other's

other's back did justice to each other's character.

Martin having brought things so far, now laboured hard to effect the whole. He shewed Stanley the improbability of his success; that the lady (for so the world thought) had accepted of Lloyd; so that his standing out might look to lord Belfont only as an opposition to him. His sister joined the captain; but all their reasoning tended only to perplex him, for he would not give up his passion. Yet now that he was recovered to a sense of lord Belfont's merit, it gave him great uneasiness that he should be his lordship's rival; nor was my lord less sensible of George's worth; he believed he had some share in the lady's heart, and could not blame him for not relinquishing her. Stanley did at certain times see his Leonora in publick, and thought her eyes told him she had not, nor would not forget him. He had an old servant of his own in lady Filmore's service; by whom he commonly knew what parties she was to be of; but he had frequent mortifications in seeing Lloyd always next to her; and it seemed to him too, as if he discovered a little embarrassment in Leonora, at being detected by him in her civilities to Lloyd. But this might be a lover's whim, or perhaps she

was

was not without some little uneasinesses on that account; for tho' she had never said one word to Stanley, that could bind her even *in foro conscientiae*, nor that Stanley could ground any *claim* on, yet would she have thought herself guilty of the greatest injustice, to have admitted any other into her heart. Certainly Leonora, and the three candidates for her love were oddly treated; lord Belfont had the grandfather's consent, but Leonora was not in his power; Mr. Lloyd had the grandmother's consent, but the fortune was not in her power; and without the fortune his own mother never would agree; and Leonora would never, without the consent of all parties, give her hand to any man—that she did not love.—And as to Stanley, neither grandfather, nor grandmother, were in his interest; nor was any fortune in his power;—but he had a little advocate in Leonora's heart, that was more persuasive than all the advice of all the grandfathers and grandmothers in the world, and weighed more than all the fortunes of all the misers in the city.

CHAP. XIII.

*'Tis strange we should take pleasure in seeing what
gives us pain.*

MARIAN had been delivered of a very fine boy, whom her friend the milliner put out to nurse, and then took the mother into her own house, till she could settle her somewhere to advantage. As she was a very good judge of laces, and other wares in her business, the good woman put her into a way of laying out the money Stanley gave her, to advantage. Mrs. Mechlin was very much pleased to find, that Stanley never came to visit her, and that she behaved herself in every respect, so as to deserve the good-nature she had shewn her: she had told Mrs. Mechlin her whole story, excepting the particular attachment that had induced Stanley to part with her. He had himself been surprized into telling it to Marian, by the peculiarity of her behaviour on the day she saw him last; and had no sooner told it, than he repented himself of it; for the delicacy of his love seemed to accuse him of making too free with Leonora's name; but he enjoined secrecy, and she kept it most worthily, never mentioning her name to Mrs. Mechlin:
but

but tho' she spoke of it to nobody, her own curiosity was not the less whetted; she had an unaccountable desire of seeing the woman, who was so intirely mistress of that heart she had been unable to subdue. To this purpose she beat about to find out who was lady Filmore's milliner, and soon found that her ladyship was served by Mrs. Frankly, and who had, it seems, just parted with her principal assistant in the shop. Marian hearing this, desired Mrs. Mechlin to recommend her to the place.

To Mrs. Frankly she went, and it was not long before lady Filmore and her grand-daughter came to the shop. Poor Marian had no sooner heard the name, than to any one who had observed her, her emotions would have been plain enough; but the other girls were all so intent on her ladyship and the young lady, when they first came into the shop, that Marian had time to recover herself, and she was then particularly officious, and particularly exerted herself to please the ladies, and she had the good fortune to please them so well in the fashion of the little things they ordered; so that she of all the girls in the shop was the person that was always attending lady Filmore and her grand-daughter. She never saw this young lady, that it did not make her sad and melancholy, and yet

yet she never missed an opportunity of seeing her. Stanley always occurred to her memory; she wished them happy in each other; but no wish of that purport ever passed without a sigh. George did not often think of her, and when he did, it was with satisfaction, from the thought that he had parted with her handsomely. Sourgrape still continued to visit him, and was vastly angry, and swore a great deal, at the iniquity of that dog Blueball, who had taken such immoderate interest out of the 200 l. He vowed he would not have suffered it, had he been present; but had he been really inclined not to suffer it, it had been no hard matter, for he was in fact partner with Blueball, tho' he never appeared as such.

Mr. Stanley finding George still bent on the pursuit of a passion he had dissuaded him from, had of late been less liberal to his son, and shortened his allowance, to one 100 l. per annum. Now, tho' George no longer spent any thing on women, nor ever drank, yet was this a most expensive quarter, for he heeded nothing, and money slipped through his fingers he knew not how; there were indeed things that might have accounted for it, for he would now and then stroll into Deard's, and seeing sometimes a mighty pretty etwee, some-

times one thing, sometimes another, he could not help wishing it for Leonora : and, in fine, it seldom happened, without reflecting on the state of his finances, but he became the purchaser ; by which means no country beau, who shews his gallantry in stealing all the ribbands, garters, handkerchiefs, snuff-boxes, pincushions, patch-boxes, thimbles, knives, and scissars, that the heedless country Belle leaves in his way, was better furnish'd with lady's trinkets than was George Stanley. But meeting lord Belfont's equipage one day, and his servants in new liveries, he at once ordered a most elegant new suit for himself, and a superb new livery for his one servant. George had hitherto shewn too good an understanding to suppose, that he could vie with lord Belfont in point of figure ; but now the sight of his rival fired him, and he gave the orders immediately to his taylor. However, before the cloaths came home, he was ashamed of himself, in having ordered them, and equally ashamed of his motive to it ; he resolved indeed never to wear them, yet knew not how to offer them back again to the taylor. He therefore let a fellow in Monimouth-street have them for one fifth of what they were worth, and for one tenth of what his taylor charged him ; yet his being sensible of this folly, did not prevent his falling soon into an-

another ; for hearing that his rival Lloyd, rode extremely well, that he commonly took an airing in Hyde-park, and that lady Filmore every now and then carried Leonora through the Park about the time that Lloyd used to shew his horsemanship; a vanity of vying with his rival in this, the point in which that rival was most expert, drove him to purchase a pair of fine cattle : but cash was wanting, and alas Sourgrape was again sorry it happened not to be in his power to supply him; but he would make that dog Blueball advance him an 100l. on less interest than before; George thank'd him, and fixt on the horses for himself and his servant.

Blueball, it seems, had just 300 l. to lay out, not more nor less, and would not divide the sum.—George was at a loss, but his friend and adviser said to him, “ Why, dam it, take it, “ and pay off the 200 l. you owe him. It is “ now within less than a month of being due ; “ and dam me, look ye, I shall be in cash “ in about a week or two, and dam me, do you “ see, you shall have no more to do with this “ scoundrel.” George was high in his acknowledgments, and Sourgrape promised to go with him, to hinder his being imposed on the next morning. “ Dam him, he knew how to deal

“with such fellows, that he did; and they
 “should not impose on so worthy a fellow,
 “no, by Jove, should they not.” Stanley
 could but thank him, and so for that night they
 parted; George blessing heaven that gave him
 such a friend.

Martin still was much with him, but he
 now spent more time in telling Miss Stanley
 what advice he had given her brother, than he
 did with the brother in advising him; so that
 he was totally unacquainted with George’s ex-
 pences; for as to the cloaths he had never
 seen them, and as to his collection of pocket-
 books, scissars, knives, and such like uten-
 sils, tho’ his drawers were full of them, he
 was not so proud of them as to shew them to
 his friend.

CHAP. XIV.

Love, a sufficient excuse for all follies and extravagancies.

A LITTLE thing happened next morning that discomposed our heroe; it was a visit at his chambers, from one of those gentry who are seldom very welcome at the Temple. The gentlemen there have no doubt their whole minds intent on the grave, learned, sober, serious reasonings, opinions, resolutions, judgments, and determinations, which the wiser sages of the law, from age to age, have made, composed, written, digested, compiled, and put together for the improvement, emolument, erudition, instruction, guide and direction of those who come after them. No wonder, therefore, that gentlemen who are so habituated to the conversation of such solid people as the judges, should abhor the very sight of that creature called a taylor; the creator of that thing, the very antipode of a grave lawyer, a coxcomb. And yet had George, this morning, a visit from one of these metamorphosers of the human shape. It happened Mr. Jeremy Trim, going to see his friends in Monmouth-street, among the rest, called on the very man to

whom Stanley had sold his grand suit. The fellow, in a kind of extasy, shewed it to Trim, telling him, if he could put it off to a customer, he would let him have it a pennyworth; adding, I gave but five guineas and a morning frock for it. Trim at first thought his friend had stole it, but finding it was the owner himself had sold it, he went strait home, and drew out his bill. He concluded Stanley had only ordered these cloaths, to raise money upon them; and he therefore judged him near the end of his tether: for which reason no great civility was necessary, he thought, but immediately called with his bill, which amounted to near fourscore pounds. George was not much delighted with the sum total, and began very civilly to observe, that it was not six months since he paid his last bill; and that therefore—but Jeremy had got hold of a maxim that *no gentleman ever is civil who has money*, and he observed another maxim invariably, never to be civil to one who had not money. He accordingly treated Stanley very faucily; but it occurred to the latter, that his friend Sourgrape was to help him to 300*l.* that morning. Disdaining, therefore, to be insulted by a rascally taylor, he turned him out of the room, bidding him call next morning, and he should be paid; the fellow look'd on this as a put-

put-off, and was highly offended at the insult of being turned out; for which he vowed he would not come again without company: he'd have a bit of wax'd parchment in his pocket, and dam him if he had not the money, he'd have his bones.

Scarcely was the taylor gone, when Stanley received the following note.

DEAR GEORGE,

“ I AM vastly sorry, I can't be with you
 “ this morning; because I fear the fellow
 “ will be harder than he should be. I wish
 “ I'd money, you should have it, but I'm
 “ hard prest myself; I have 3500l. to answer
 “ in three days, and have not 500l. to do it
 “ with; I shall be in cash in three weeks, and
 “ then you shan't want it.

“ Your friend, &c. SOURGRAPE.”

P. S. “ Don't let him cheat you, if you can
 “ help it; but if he does, it shall be his
 “ last time: he'll be at home at eleven.”

Stanley was at first alarmed, for fear his meeting with Blueball was put off; but finding that not the case, he was very easy, and highly sensible of his obligations to Sourgrape.

When he came to Blueball's, he was saluted with a "So Sir, Mr. Sourgrape says you want me again; ay to be sure, we old fellows must always help you young ones; but pray, which of you thinks of us, when your own turn is served? ay, there you promised to be a customer; but not a penny, not a doit have you laid out since, not you." Whether Stanley had actually promised, or not, I can't say, but he saw a necessity of performing, and was cheap'ning some little trifles, when the old man stooped him, "lookye Sir, here was captain —— (but I must'nt tell gemmens names) here, while I was out; he called and desired I'd lend him the 200 l. only, and he bade my man make up yon box of things, they come to 60 l. and I'm sure I shan't get much by them, for they're worth more, but it shews he is my friend; and to be sure who should I oblige, but my friends; howsomever since I promised Mr. Sourgrape to serve you, why you may take your choice, if you take the goods in the box, I'll think on't, if not, the captain shall have the money."——

George was shocked at the impudence of the fellow's knavery; and was just going away in a passion, but Mr. Jerry Trim occurred to him, attended with forty constables. However, he ventured to expostulate, and even mentioned

Sour-

Sourgrape.—“As to Mr. Sourgrape, says the
 “other, to be sure he is a very honest gem-
 “man; but what then, I knows my own bu-
 “siness, and shan’t ask he.” Well, there was
 no disputing,—George ordered the box to be
 marked for him, and the bond to be filled;
 upon which the other, with the greatest sobriety
 and gravity of impudence, paid him down twen-
 ty-four pound nine shillings and sixpence. In
 the highest astonishment George asked what he
 meant? “and he answered with the greatest
 “ease and coolness, Sir, I have only stopped
 “the former bond of 200l. that’s all: which,
 “(and looking over a paper with his spectacles
 “on) with 60l. for the goods, 15l. for the in-
 “terest, and 10s. 6d. for the bond is 275l.
 “10s. 6d. remaining due unto George Stan-
 “ley, Esq; out of the 324l. 9s. 6d. Yes,
 “Sir, I think it’s right.” “’Sdeath, you vil-
 “lain, replied the other, ’tis not due.” “Lack-
 “a-day, Sir, returned the miser, it wants but
 “two or three days;” tho’ indeed it wanted
 three weeks. George swore and rav’d, and the
 other seemed willing to be off; but George
 durst not take him at his word; for tho’ he
 was sure Sourgrape would let him have money,
 yet he knew not when Sourgrape would be in
 town; and his case admitted of no delay, for
 he had engaged to pay for his horses that very

afternoon; and what was worse, Jeremy Trim, with all his myrmidons at his heels, stared him full in the face: for he doubted not but honest Jerry would keep his word.

It was at last agreed, that he should receive his 300l. neat, and give a fresh bond for the whole, payable in one month; within which time, he doubted not but Sourgrape would furnish him, and he was forced to submit to pay one year's interest for the whole, for it was Blueball's custom, never to take less. The miser then methodically drew out his bill for the box Mr. Stanley had agreed to purchase, and it amounted to just 63l. which with 25l. for the interest, he deducted, and then very gravely paid him the remaining 212l. out of the 300l.

Tho' Mr. Sourgrape could not wait on his friend Stanley, yet Blueball knew very well where to find him; and was too much pleased with his morning's work, not to seek him out immediately. When they met they laughed, as well they might, at the young man's folly; but his amour only had possession of him, and his knowledge of the world, his understanding, his reason, all were useless to him. He went forthwith and paid for his horses, then returned home,

home, and all day long his imagiuation fed itself on the satisfaction he expected in vyeing with his rival.

CH A P. XV.

'Tis wonderful how much it disappoints a rapacious tradesman, when he finds a debtor unexpectedly able to pay his bill.

LORD Belfont, in the mean time, was doing all he could to ingratiate himself with lady Filmore ; but to less and less effect : for Leonora found it answered her purpose so well to be very civil to Lloyd, that the old lady was almost imposed upon ; and began to be proud of her own management, in having got the better of a girl's first love, as they call it.

But to return to the Temple, in the morning Mr. Jeremy Trim call'd, and as he promised, with two or three fellows at his heels. These, however, waited for him without, while he came in, to be astonish'd with the sight of his money ; his tone was then altered, " Sir ! your honour, I am sure"—but Stanley would not suffer him to proceed ; for, after taking a very full receipt, he instantly ordered

dered his servant to shew the fellow out. Our hero then equipped himself for Hyde-park; but neither Leonora nor Mr. Lloyd happened to be there that day.

No day after passed, that Stanley did not appear in Hyde-park. He knew his rival by sight, and sometimes he had the good fortune to see the coach that contained his mistress; but very seldom got a glimpse of her, unless now and then she put her head out to speak to that rival; which was the only means his ill stars could take to make him think he paid dear for a sight of his Leonora. As Stanley was a graceful figure, and extremely well mounted, it naturally induced Lloyd, who was a very good judge of horses, to enquire who the gentleman was, that owned so fine a beast? George had been too much at that end of the town not to be known to many; and was remembered as being a great intimate of lord Belfont's; and in this character Lloyd heard of him, which wonderfully lessened the beauty of the horse he rode upon: "the horse did not carry himself well, but that indeed might be, he owned, the fault of the rider; he must confess he thought the servant rode better than his master." Lloyd was not ill mounted, and as they both were pretty constant in the park, they now and

and then chanced to take a turn or two together with their common acquaintance, but it was observable, they never were of the same opinion.

Stanley took it into his head that Lloyd was acquainted with nothing but horses; and therefore George talked of nothing but horses. This was the only subject in which Lloyd was a match for Stanley; and in this he certainly had the greater skill, tho' the other used to contradict him very often: and what vexed Lloyd, was, that tho' he was commonly in the right, Stanley did not appear wrong; nor could poor Lloyd shew that he was so. This, added to his being lord Belfont's friend, (for in that light he chiefly considered him) made the Welchman not at all fond of our hero.

Now, tho' Lloyd had not seen a great deal, nor had any very extensive knowledge, and so might sometimes miss doing what he ought, yet had he the modesty which is often attendant on a plain good understanding; and this prevented his ever doing what he ought not. So that tho' he would not have been sorry for a palpable opportunity of speaking roughly to him whom he thought the bosom friend of lord Belfont, yet would he never *make* the opportunity; while

Stan-

Stanley, who knew he spoke to an actual rival, did every thing he could to vex him, without being downright rude.

It happened in returning from one of these Hyde-park expeditions, that as he passed by Blueball's, he observed a man coming out of the shop, in an old red coat, buttoned; and on nearer inspection, perceived he had no waistcoat or shirt underneath: yet his countenance expressed infinitely more wretchedness than his dress. Stanley, whose heart was never insensible to the distress of others, was canvassing in his own mind, how he might relieve the apparent misery of this person; for tho' visibly distressed, yet there was something in the man's manner, that bespoke respect, and forbade your abruptly inquiring the cause of his distress, or even offering to relieve it. But while Stanley was devising how he should address him, three bailiffs suddenly seized the poor wretch, who submitted to his fate without speaking one word: but a deep groan shewed his inward anguish.

Stanley quite subdued, followed them to a little dirty house in an alley, and enquiring of the master of the house, who was a bailiff, the cause of the arrest, and name of the prisoner;

soner; the fellow, whose mouth Stanley had opened with half a crown, told him, that the gentleman's name was Aprice, the only son of Sir Cadwallader Aprice, who had a pretty good estate in Wales; but that his son having married the daughter of a poor clergyman, Sir Cadwallader would not see him, and had turn'd him and his wife out of doors. That they had been in London about seven months, and that he was then arrested for 37 l. Stanley's heart was pierced, he told the bailiff, he had not quite the sum in his pocket, but he would run home, and bring the money for the gentleman's release immediately.

In his absence, the bailiff had given the prisoner a full account of all that had passed, so that on his return, the astonished Mr. Aprice, tho' not without some little bashfulness, received him as his guardian angel.

Stanley had discharged the debt, and they were going out together, but the bailiff demanded his dues, and the discharge of his bill. This Stanley also paid him, and then thought of no further delay; but the catchpole happened just then to be whispered by one of his men, and immediately said, "Gentlemen,
"I'm

"I'm sorry for it, to be sure, but as how Mr.
 "Aprice can't go yet, unless indeed his ho-
 "nour there, will be so generous as to dis-
 "charge another writ here out against him
 "for 25 l. more." The prisoner lost his co-
 lour, and could say nothing. Stanley was
 vex'd; he had indeed brought a few pieces in
 his pocket, as from what he had seen, he supposed
 some little matter would be useful to the poor
 man; but 25 l. more he certainly could not spare.
 However, as he had gone so far, he would not
 stop there; and answered, "I really have it
 "not about me, but I'll bring it in about an
 "hour." The unhappy man, could scarce
 find words, but at last he uttered his thanks,
 and at the same time, absolutely refused Mr.
 Stanley's offer; for, "Sir, says he, I see this
 "villain designs to work upon your uncommon
 "goodness, and to try to draw you in by de-
 "grees; but God forbid, I should be his ac-
 "complice, for, Sir, I owe a great deal of
 "money, and I suppose there are writs against
 "me from all my creditors. All I intreat of you
 "dear Sir! is, to take this small matter that
 "I this day rais'd on the last little thing I had
 "left, and carry it to the unhappy partner
 "of my heart and misery."——On enquiry, it
 was as Mr. Aprice had supposed: there were
 several

several writs out against this unhappy man, to the amount of about 150 l. a sum that Stanley really was not master of.

He promised, and that was all he could do, to serve him if possible; and in the mean time took a direction for Mrs. Aprice. As to the little money the unhappy prisoner had raised, he begg'd he would use it himself, and give him leave to supply his family.

But, good God! what was the shock of his heart, when he saw that family! a little room without a bed, and in one corner, two small children, wrapped up in a bed rug, in the height of the small-pox; the miserable mother, whose more than half-starved face, still retained marks of its beauty, attending them. Stanley was moved beyond expression, but by what he gave them, and the message he delivered as from Mr. Aprice, the poor woman had no suspicion of her husband's misfortune: nor did Stanley intend she ever should; for this sight was death to all his folly and vanity, which instantly fled before his humanity. He resolved immediately to sell his horses, and some furniture, which, with what money he had, would about clear off this unhappy gentleman's affairs:

affairs: and this he put in execution the next morning.

As misfortunes are said seldom to come alone, so may it be said of good events, for one is often the parent of the other. Mr. Aprice's arrest got wind, and reach'd the ears of a distant relation, tho' Stanley's humanity had concealed it from his wife; and this relation coming to see his miserable lodging, and finding it so totally wretched, struck with compassion, took him and his family to his own house, some distance from London.

Stanley obstinately concealed his name, and all Aprice could prevail for, was, that George promised to discover himself as soon as he heard he was no longer under the frowns of an obdurate father. Thus they parted, Mr. Aprice and his wife to wait patiently for better times, — and Stanley to pursue his passion for the beautiful Leonora: in which he was now a little perplexed, for he was quite reduced in cash.

Lloyd and he had now disputed so often, that they knew one another very well, and never met, but they saluted, and sometimes joined.

It happened once that Leonora was walking with Mrs. Lloyd and her son in the Park, and Stanley met them. As he was entirely unknown to Mrs. Lloyd, it instantly occurred to him, to make use of his rival as an instrument to that *immense* pleasure a lover has in walking with his mistress, tho' not a word passes between them. With the most perfect ease he saluted Mr. Lloyd, and joined him and the ladies. Lloyd, as he knew him to be lord Belfont's friend, was not over pleased, but he was at a loss what to do; and the more so, as Stanley, in spite of him, contrived to get next to Leonora. Mrs. Lloyd had taken no notice at first, imagining it was some intimate of her son's, and one who knew Leonora; but turning her eyes on the young lady, she saw her in such visible confusion, that she knew not what to make of it. She saw her son, too, was moved, and the stranger also, she discovered, was not so composed, as he affected to be. She look'd at them all by turns, and at the end of the Mall, thought it unnecessary to return, which was lucky for Leonora, who could scarce support herself. Not one word had passed till they came to Storey's gate, and then a crowd gave Stanley an opportunity to cry, "forgive me, dear Leonora,"———"suffer me to write one letter.—you must."——The crowd suffered

suffered them to pass, and he saw his Leonora to her coach. Lloyd followed, in great perplexity. He saw something strange in Stanley's behaviour, and was resolved to know the whole; but for the present he attended the ladies.

Leonora had occasion for Mrs. Lloyd's salts to prevent her fainting. That lady did not chuse to ask any questions, and her son durst not; so they passed on in silence, while George took a solitary turn in the park, not quite so well pleased as he was at the first conceit of his exploit. He saw he had given his mistress some uneasiness, and perhaps offence; which now gave him no little vexation. He had told his mistress he would write, and she had not forbid him, which he took as a sign of consent, and accordingly he went home to fulfil his purpose.

CHAP.

C H A P. XVI.

Love will give the spirit of a lion to the gentlest Lamb.

BY the time Leonora got home, her hurry had so disordered her, that lady Filmore was alarmed. Miss chose to retire to her chamber, and Mrs. Lloyd joined so far as to say, "Yes, she believed Miss had better lie down a little," and that too with a particular manner of voice. Lady Filmore let her grand-daughter go, and stayed herself behind to ask Mrs. Lloyd what was the matter? On which that lady turned to her son, and asked him, "what that person's name was that joined them?" To this Lloyd no sooner answered, "his name is Stanley," than her ladyship knew more than she wished to hear.

Mrs. Lloyd told her the whole, and was not a little severe on her ladyship, for never having let her into this part of the story. Lady Filmore was a good deal disconcerted; however, the ladies soon made up matters, and Mrs. Lloyd was for her son's caning *the fellow*, wherever he met him: but lady Filmore judged it better to take no notice of him; for

she let her friend know, that Stanley had already fought a duel with a colonel, and had always behaved with great spirit.

Mrs. Lloyd was then as much on the other side the question, "O law! no, Llewellyn shan't go anear the creature! hang him! but can't one have him pressed?" On being told that he was the son of a very wealthy citizen, she was quite at a loss what to advise; except that she took so much care to warn Llewellyn from danger, that she almost provoked him into it: for Lloyd, a man of real spirit and courage, could scarce endure that he should not be thought a match for any man; and was going away in a huff to search out Stanley. but lady Filmore prevailed on him to stay, not by saying there was danger in going, but by assuring him, and convincing him that it was unreasonable for him to go; and intreating him for Leonora's sake, not to pay a man of Stanley's birth the compliment of supposing him to be his rival. She used the example of lord Belfont, whom he knew the world looked on as a man of honour; yet his lordship she assured him, tho' he was used worse, as he had honoured this man with his friendship, did not think it a proper thing to fight him. Lloyd was thus satisfied, and
pro-

promised to avoid him ; tho' he was not a little nettled at his having presumed so far as to walk with Leonora, even before his face.

Stanley wrote his letter, and waiting on his friend Mrs. Slim, intreated her immediately to go with it, and, if possible, bring him an answer. To make her walk the faster, he had searched his drawer for a pretty snuff-box ; and yet it went against his heart to part with any of them : for, " Did he not buy them all for his " Leonora ? and were they not sacred to her ? " But then it occurred to him, that Leonora was above such trifles, and that they were unworthy of her. He therefore presented Mrs. Slim with the handsomest of all the collection. It was so pretty, that it added wings to her feet, and away she went to lady Filmore's. She found them all in a good deal of confusion. Leonora had been so disturbed, that she was a little feverish ; her grandmother, who sincerely loved her, would not therefore at such a time venture to animadvert much on the morning's adventure ; but contented herself with saying, that sure it was a very illadvised boldness in the young man ! indeed she did not imagine Leonora was at all to blame in the affair ; but the manner in which she was affected
by

by it, seemed to indicate the strength of a passion, she had hoped was extinguished.

When the mind is overcharged, it must somewhere disburden itself, and, if we cannot lay down the load where our reason tells us we may safely trust it, yet, at least we shall be apt to deposit it where our pride is least shocked to expose it. It was for this reason, perhaps, lady Filmore chose to lay open her mind to this woman, who was now in credit in the world, tho' she had once been her servant, rather than to any of those who were then actually in her service. She talked a great deal to her, but said nothing which we are not already well acquainted with. At last Mrs. Slim was sent to sit an hour by Miss Filmore.

She made many excuses, no matter what they were, for her errand; and at last presented George's letter. The young lady seemed offended, and the other was a little frightened, for fear of a discovery; but at last, Leonora took the letter in her hand, not without now and then a sigh. She read the superscription, but would not open it! she returned it to Mrs. Slim, who was going to open it for her; but Leonora prevented her, saying, "if she did, she would assuredly inform her grand-
"mamma;"

“mamma :” However, Leonora enquired much after her friend Miss Fanny Stanley ; and told Mrs. Slim, if she might depend on her, she would send a few lines to that friend. Mrs. Slim, who in her *great wisdom* applauded the ingenuity of so young a girl for contriving the word Miss, to conceal her writing to her spark ; promised to deliver it very safe into the young lady’s own hands : and, under the sanction of this assurance, Miss Filmore immediately sat down, and wrote the following letter :

Dear FANNY,

“ **T**HINK not I have forgot you. I do
 “ still, and always will love you. Had I
 “ early taken your advice, I had saved myself
 “ and others much uneasiness, but ’tis now
 “ too late. Would you think your brother
 “ (whom you used so to praise) would make me
 “ uneasy ?—My grandmamma says it was an
 “ ill-advised boldness,——and sure, my dear, it
 “ was so.——He will himself tell you what it
 “ was. Two or three such things would kill
 “ me. I have been very ill all day :—and then
 “ he writes to me,—ah Fanny ! I confess to
 “ you, (and if he is such a man as you describe
 VOL. II. G “ him,

“ him, and I have thought him, I may con-
 “ fess to himself) I have some struggle to send
 “ back his letter unread ;—but whatever strug-
 “ gle I have, I hope I shall always be able
 “ to do what I ought.—I told him I would
 “ read no letters from him; and my keeping
 “ my word in this, may be some security that
 “ I shall not forget the rest I said.—Tho’ I
 “ cannot forget him, yet I will not do any
 “ thing against my grandmamma’s consent.
 “ Perhaps I think more of him, than I ought
 “ to think of any man, who does not deserve
 “ my whole thoughts; and if my desire and
 “ intreaty has no weight with him, upon my
 “ word I will alter my whole conduct: if I
 “ have another letter, I will shew it to my
 “ grandmamma.—But he will not, I hope,
 “ give me any occasion of altering my opinion
 “ of him; he must not see Lloyd. On no
 “ account must he see him. If my com-
 “ mands have any weight, I do insist upon it;
 “ and, dear Fanny, add your’s to mine. I
 “ must not hear from you, nor must I write
 “ to you. Adieu.”

Mrs. Slim made the most haste she could to
 young Stanley, and as she imagined the letter
 in reality designed for him, gave it him at once.
 After

After almost tearing it with his lips, the superscription happened to meet his eyes, *To Miss Fanny Stanley*: s'death woman, this is for my sister, not me! "O you fool!" returned the knowing Mrs. Slim, and explained what she thought; that it was only a cloak. George would not violate his Leonora's direction, but ran with it to his sister, who ran it over, and gave it to him to read. She was alarmed at some words in the letter, and asked George, *what boldness it was he had committed?* George told her the whole story, for which she did not praise him, tho' she did not say so much against it as she would have done, had she not expected something worse. He indeed condemned himself highly, when he found his Leonora had been ill upon it. As to Lloyd, he promised not to meet him, if possible; and it was now the less likely they should meet, as Stanley's relieving Mr. Aprice had made him dispose of his horses, which at least would prevent their meeting in Hyde-park.

Leonora was now again well, and her grandmamma began to talk a little roundly to her. Lloyd also began to speak of his passion, in spite of her commands to the contrary; and she as often left him alone, in spite of the old lady's commands to the contrary; who as often

called her to an account for it. Now young ladies having very good memories, Leonora recollected a very pretty sentiment of lady Filmore's; "Madam," she would sometimes say, when she found tears and prayers ineffectual; "dear grandmamma, did you not say to lord Belfont, it was your duty to protect me from visits that were not agreeable to me? why then am I now to be exposed to them?" This served twice or thrice as an opiate to her ladyship's violence, for it silenced her; but the strongest opiates lose their effect by frequent application, and very soon her ladyship called it *saucy* and *pert*, and would not hear it.

Mrs. Lloyd, in the mean time, began to be weary, and thought her son was losing time; tho' he, the son himself, indeed was more assiduous than ever. Innumerable were the presents he could not prevail on Leonora to admit. He even ventured once so far as to mention Stanley, and distantly seemed to resent that a merchant's son should find a place in her affections. There Leonora forgot her gentleness, and bad him instantly leave her. As he did not stir, she would herself have left the room, but he presumed for the first time, to stop her. Her indignation was now at the height; she cried for vexation; and catching hold

hold of the bell, rung with such unusual vehemence, that half the *house* was in the room in a moment. Leonora now left the room, and Lloyd stood the gaze of the servants, not knowing which way to look : when lady Filmore entered to his relief. When the servants were gone, poor Lloyd was as much disconcerted at the sight of the old lady, " Good God, exclaimed she, what is the matter ? " Leonora says you have used her ill : what is " it, Mr. Lloyd ? she bids me ask you." Had lord Belfont been the cause of this disturbance, the old lady would have feared something very terrible ; however, she was not so much alarmed on Mr. Lloyd's account ; she therefore encouraged him a little, and he told her the whole ; to which her ladyship answered, " Pshaw, foolish girl ! well, leave me now." She then went to her grand-daughter, whom she took very smartly to task, saying, " if " some levity in her conduct, had not given " a colour to it, nobody could have supposed " Stanley would pretend to her." Leonora was now vexed, and defended herself with some life ; the grandmother began to threaten her with the city ; but that for once lost its effect. " Lord Belfont was, Leonora was sure, too " much a gentleman to insult her, at least : " this in favour of lord Belfont, so alarmed the

old lady that she began to soften her looks and voice; to argue mildly, to reason calmly, to persuade with gentleness, and then poor Leonora was subdued. She repented having done any thing to disoblige so good a parent; vowed and protested that of the two, she thought best of Mr. Lloyd; and gave her word and honour, never to accept lord Belfont, on any terms.—The lady dowager having got so far, would have gone a little farther; and got the like promise in respect to Stanley. But Miss, with alternate white and red, only replied, “ ’tis hard I must again be told of that gentleman! but my grandmamma must do as she pleases.”—Her tears stopt her, and the old lady went on, “ nay but child!”—when Leonora recovering, said, “ there need no names, madam, in particular, since I give you my word, I will never yield my hand to any man against my grandmamma’s consent.” With this the old lady was satisfied, and they parted. Lloyd was to beg pardon, and never to be rude again, and consequently, he might expect to be admitted on the usual footing.

C H A P. XVII.

A new remedy for Hystericks.

LADY Filmore now seeing that gentle means had most weight with Leonora, pursued a very mild course, and did every thing she could to please and satisfy her; among other methods, she ordered Mrs. Trawly to send her some fine laces to look at. Now, tho' Leonora's heart was not entirely set upon dress, yet was she not insensible to the little satisfaction a fine girl of fashion may have in wearing fine things. The message no sooner came to Mrs. Trawly, than Marian was in the greatest trepidation. At once she concluded Mr. Lloyd was going to be happy in the possession of her Stanley's mistress. While she was looking out the ornaments, her mind was in the greatest perturbation. Sometimes she resolved to give Stanley notice; but then perhaps she was wrong; yet these laces were ordered to be finer than lady Filmore was used to order before, and again she was resolved to send him word; but then it would be only endangering Stanley's life, and therefore she would take no notice of the matter. This point she balanced all night in

her mind, and without coming to any resolution, to remove all doubts, went herself in the morning with the laces. Leonora would have been well enough pleased to turn over the things, had it not been that Lloyd was there when they came, and had the assurance to recommend one, approve a second, praise a third, and so on; but Leonora happened always to differ in opinion with him; and was at last so vexed, that she would take none; for Lloyd had unluckily fixed on the very lace she was just on the point of chusing herself, if he had been less officious. The old lady was forced to bite her tongue, at what she could not help thinking a little perverse. Lloyd himself was at last so nettled, that he took his leave.

He was scarcely out of the room, when she made her choice, and lady Filmore putting on her spectacles, cried, "Sure child, you mistake, you can't chuse this, for 'tis one of them Mr. Lloyd approved, and which you said was so vastly ugly;" on this a little dialogue ensued, which was interrupted by the bursting open the door by Mrs. Susan. The very manner of her coming in alarmed them, but her instantly crying, "O la! my lady! my lady! Mr. Lloyd has killed young Mr. Stanley." Marian, at once with a piercing shriek

shriek sunk to the ground ; the unhappy Leonora fell into a violent hysteric ; and the afflicted grandmother, frightened at her grandchild's danger, had scarce life enough to help her ; but in an instant the room was full of the servants, some of whom carried Leonora to her chamber ; others took care of poor Marian ; and for some moments, perhaps there never was a family in more distress. Leonora in a terrible hysteric, sometimes crying, and then in a loud shrill horrid laugh, dreadfully affrighted her grandmother, who now cursed her own wisdom and cunning ; and hated Lloyd for the danger he had thrown her beloved child into. Doctors instantly attended her, but almost before they could come, the whole affair was known ; which was no other than this : Stanley, tho' he could not see his mistress, had a sort of melancholy pleasure, in looking at the very house that contained her, and used to stroll that way, to indulge a gloominess that the bad situation of his passion had brought on his temper. He unhappily chanced to be loitering about there, just as Lloyd came out of lady Filmore's. Lloyd had never seen Stanley since their interview in the park, which he always considered as an insult. The remembrance of that, with the capricious treatment he had just received from his mistress,

both together made the fight of Stanley intolerable to him. They accosted each other, but in no very civil manner: Stanley, tho' after Leonora's commands, he would never have looked for Lloyd, was not perhaps sorry to meet him. Few words passed, before their swords were drawn, and some passes made; when Stanley's foot slipping, he came headlong down. In an instant, all lady Filmore's servants, and many others interposed. Lloyd went off, telling him, he would next morning call on him at the Temple. Among others, Mrs. Susan, lady Filmore's woman, running out, came just time enough to see Stanley fall, and concluding it was Lloyd's sword had occasioned it, ran instantly in again to inform her lady.

One of the doctors, no very old man, but a man of sense; understanding the affair, took hold of Miss Filmore's arm, and ordering the room to be pretty well cleared, without addressing himself to the patient, but seeming to talk to himself; "I wish, cried he, the devil had that mischievous hussey for frightening the young lady in this manner. If the fact had been so, it was improper to tell it so abruptly; but as there is not a word of truth in it, and Mr. Stanley is as well as ever he was, that jade deserves to be hang'd!"

—Doc-

—Doctors, and all the tribe of learned theorists and sagacious practitioners, avaunt! I say, there was more sense in the application of this soliloquy, than in the most laboured prescription of Harvey, Sydenham, Boerhaave, or any other famed son of Æsculapius.

And it succeeded accordingly; for tho' Leonora was then in the highest distress of a terrible hysteric, yet did she give some heed to the doctor's words!—tho' she had not regarded any thing said or done before!—but turning towards him, with a kind of laugh; “ah! “ah! says she, is he not killed? is he not “dead?” and then, the crying succeeded; but to the great astonishment of the company, and of the elder physicians too, for there were now three of them; the youngest of them, continued as if speaking to one in her full senses; and assured Leonora that Stanley was well; one of the seniors interrupted him, saying, “they delayed time, that”—but the young doctor without any respect to physick, affected to be angry, and insisted, tho' no one had contradicted him, that what he said was true: for that he had breakfasted with George Stanley, honest George! and that they were together when lady Filmore sent for him; “and, added “he, George was frightened, when he found I “was

“ was sent for to lady Filmore’s ; and earnest-
 “ ly intreated me to do more if possible, than
 “ physick could do, if it was Miss Filmore that
 “ call’d for my help :” It was in vain the elder
 brothers of the wig and cane talked of writing ;
 his answer was, — “ Bless me, Sir, you are
 “ wonderfully incredulous, why Sir, he came
 “ with me to the door, and I would send for
 “ him in, to convince you, — but I am afraid
 “ it would alarm Miss.” — Unphysical as this
 discourse might be, yet did the young lady
 wonderfully recover herself, while it passed,
 which those who chuse not to give the credit
 of it to good sense, may impute to assafoetida ;
 and that we may not seem to despise physick,
 to which we have in truth great obligations,
 we will own that, that this drug had its share
 in restoring Leonora ; but we do insist that
 but for what the doctor said, loads of assa-
 foetida had been ineffectual. The other phy-
 sicians were vex’d to see her recover before
 they wrote, but Leonora now had little or no
 appearance of the hysteric left ; yet was so
 weak, that she could scarce speak ; however,
 she just said, “ How doctor ! did you see
 “ Mr. Stanley ; and is he alive !” Upon
 “ my word and honour he is ma’am, replied
 “ the young Æsculapius ; and if you are well
 “ enough, I have your grandmamma’s request
 “ to

“to bring him this afternoon to drink tea.” Leonora said with a sigh, “sure ’tis impossible! “they said he was killed.” “Ma’am, re-
 “turned the doctor, it was all a mistake of that
 “foolish girl’s,—but upon my word, I shall
 “bring him this afternoon to tea, provided
 “you can first compose yourself by an hour or
 “two’s sleep.” Leonora only sighed out, “you
 “are very good, Sir,” and the doctors retired
 to consult. Now this was a young doctor
 whom her ladyship had a regard for, and he
 was her constant physician; so that the ser-
 vants always called him of course, tho’ lady
 Filmore on this occasion did not chuse to con-
 fide in so young a man, and called in further
 help.

Yet he was, you see, of more use than both
 the other doctors. This I mention to shew the
 necessity, or at least expediency, of having a
 young practitioner concerned; for the old ones,
 wrapt up in the clouds of the profession, disdain
 to search for remedies out of the fogs and mists
 that compose those clouds; whereas, the young-
 er people, tho’ they have not perhaps reached
 those heights, so neither have they entirely lost
 sight of all other knowledge. The same may
 be said in respect to a young lawyer. I might,
 too, say something in behalf of a young di-
 vine;

vine; but as the whole business of this age is to secure our property, or preserve our bodies, and as few are foolish enough now to mind their souls, I shall wave the subject of religion.

The young physician abovementioned, had in fact never seen or heard of Stanley, till now; but as he came in, lady Filmore just said, "O doctor, a report of the death of one that my dear grandchild had an unfortunate passion for, has, I fear killed her; but he is well, and I wish to God I had never opposed them!"

The doctor only asked his name,—and we have seen what use he made of it. He thought, from what the old lady had said, that he was justified in promising to bring him to tea; and he went now to inform her ladyship of the progress and promise he had made.

C H A P. XVIII.

*Fifteen minutes time enough for an old lady to
alter her mind in.*

MARIAN, in the mean time, fell into such high convulsions, that the servants who were near her, thought she would have died; and as there were three physicians in Leonora's room, they took the liberty of calling one to Marian, who ordered some immediate applications; which happily in a little time brought her to life; and the doctor leaving directions how to proceed with her, returned to Leonora's chamber. He had before felt the young lady's pulse, and gone through all the learned preliminaries to prescribing, so he delayed not his brethren, whom he found just retiring to consult. Lady Filmore, whom they had before ordered out of the room, as the sight of Leonora's distressing illness would they feared, be too much for her, met them, and they just returned into the room with her ladyship, to convince her, that Miss was no longer in any immediate visible danger, but was a little composed: they then took the good lady out with them, desiring that the patient

tient might be kept as still, and quiet as possible. Her ladyship would have pleaded, that she would not disturb her, but only sit by her ; but the younger doctor said, “ by no means ; the
 “ very sight of a person she loved, as she did
 “ her grandmamma, would now, he feared,
 “ too much affect her, and therefore her lady-
 “ ship must not go near her.” In this, he was joined by his brethren, and her ladyship submitted, and retired to her own room, while they went into consultation. No one could more sincerely rejoice at a child’s being out of danger, than did lady Filmore ; but she no sooner found her so, than her mind took another turn. She was now grieved to see such an instance of the weight Stanley had with Leonora ; and then again, the condition of the milliner’s maid, her sudden fainting, and all put together, she knew not what to make of. As for poor Marian, when she recovered her senses, tho’ it was but a moment, she made use of that moment to breathe out Stanley’s name. This Mrs. Susan, with officious haste had informed her lady of ; and tho’ it was not then heeded, for Leonora’s danger employed the good lady’s whole mind, yet now, not fifteen minutes afterward, when she no longer apprehended any immediate danger of her grand-child, it took up much of her thoughts.

She

She imagined she should be able to make some use of it, and to that end, ordered great care to be taken of Marian. The young doctor staid behind his brethren, to speak to lady Filmore. He began with telling her ladyship, that if Miss was kept quiet, and nothing suffered to disturb or alarm her; he was sure two or three days would intirely restore her; and then told her what he had said, and the promise he had made; for which he got very little thanks. Her ladyship was so vex'd, that she could not help saying, "that family affairs
 " were in her opinion out of the sphere of a
 " physician's advice;" to which the doctor agreed, and assured her ladyship, he disapproved interfering in family affairs, as much as she could; but he endeavoured to shew that the present case was peculiar, and claimed an exception against the general rule. Her ladyship's answer was, " Bless me, Sir, he is the vilest
 " profligate in town; I am much mistaken if
 " that creature you saw in fits is not his,—his
 " — would you have me give my child to
 " such a wretch!" " No, my lady, answered
 " the doctor, I would not; but I am sure 'tis
 " necessary to shew this young lady, that he is
 " alive; and that her fears were vain; and after that, if this gentleman is not a proper
 " person for Miss, and that you don't approve
 " of

“ of him, you might, I should think, make a
 “ very good handle of this woman, if she is
 “ what your ladyship suspects.” This agreed
 with her own notion : and now the doctor
 had some weight with her ladyship ; but still it
 puzzled her how to admit Stanley. She had
 forbid him, and all his family, coming near her,
 and now to send for him, would be very odd,
 as well as mean : in this, certainly she was
 not wrong, but instead of being angry now,
 with the doctor’s interfering in family affairs,
 she of her own accord told him all she knew ;
 and the doctor having asked Stanley’s real cha-
 racter, she ingenuously said, “ that excepting
 “ his being addicted to certain irregularities of
 “ youth, she had no objection to his character,
 “ but that if his life were ever so good, still
 “ neither his fortune, nor family intitled him
 “ to Miss Filmore, nor would she ever con-
 “ sent to it : and growing a little warm, nor
 “ doctor will I suffer him to come here to talk
 “ to and impose on the foolish girl !” If, re-
 “ plied the doctor, he has the least sense of
 “ honour, your ladyship need not fear his
 “ making a bad use of the indulgence now
 “ given him : if we had any other way to con-
 “ vince the young lady, that he is not killed,
 “ I should prefer it ; and perhaps I went too
 “ far in promising to bring him, but now ’tis
 “ abso-

“absolutely necessary. If he does not come,
 “she’ll think herself deceived, will relapse,
 “and God knows what may be the consequence.” The danger seemed, indeed, apparent; and she said, “Well, doctor, but how
 “can he come? sure you would not think of
 “telling him the consequence he is of to this
 “unhappy girl!” “Oh no, madam! I’ll go
 “to him myself, and complain a little, as much
 “as I who am not acquainted with him may,
 “that he should make a riot at your door;
 “say you are highly offended; that it frightened Miss; and that you did not think you
 “deserved such treatment from him. He will
 “excuse himself; I will seem convinced; and
 “*out of pure good will*, will promise to introduce him to you, to plead his excuse; and
 “make it a condition, that if he should see
 “Miss Leonora, as I’ll say he probably may,
 “that he shall not say one word more to her,
 “than if she were a stranger. He, you may
 “depend, will make any conditions, for a
 “chance of seeing Miss Filmore; and when
 “she leaves the room, you may then talk to
 “him a little: not that I suppose, any thing
 “you can say will have much effect on him;
 “—however, thus I think all appearances will
 “be best kept up.”

To all this Lady Filmore shook her head, as if she distrusted the event; however, the doctor carried her to Leonora's room, who had been pretty much composed. The young lady was a little disturbed at the sight of lady Filmore, which the doctor observed, and repeated his directions in Leonora's hearing, to lady Filmore, that she should leave Miss to her further repose till he returned.

C H A P. XIX.

'Tis hard for a lover to be in company with his mistress, and not be allowed to speak to her.

STANLEY and Lloyd had separated, each full of desperate resolutions. Lloyd went home, where his mother (to whom that swift-winged goddess Fame had told that her son was in a quarrel, almost as soon as he was so) met him at the door; she had been frightened out of her wits, at his supposed danger; she equally lost her wits now, for the joy of seeing him safe. She blessed her stars for his preservation; then scolded him for his folly; and so on, in a round of motherly affection. Lloyd had only come home to prepare for a second meeting with Stanley; but he was mistaken: his fond mother no

sooner

sooner got him into his chamber, than she actually turned the key, and left him to fret and rave alone ; and not content with that, she ordered three stout footmen to watch and guard the door, while she ran up and down the house, trumpeting forth her love and affection for her dear Llewellyn.

Mean time Stanley was equally taken up with thoughts of revenge ; and meeting opportunely with his friend Martin, he insisted on his waiting on Lloyd. Martin would have dissuaded him, but all his arguments had proved ineffectual, had not the doctor appeared ; who introduced himself with, “ Sir, I come to “ you on account of the lady Filmore.” George was astonish’d, but with wonderful and eager politeness desired him to sit ; and Martin leaving the room, the doctor pursued his plan, and every thing answered accordingly. The doctor was so well convinced of Stanley’s innocence, that he promised to use his utmost to prevail on lady Filmore to hear his excuse herself, and for that purpose, it was agreed that Stanley should wait for the doctor at a coffee-house near lady Filmore’s. George looked on the doctor as the best friend he had ever met, and it was in vain for the latter to dis-

dispute, he would see him quite down stairs, may he would attend him to his chariot.

Now George was too much taken up in thought, the whole time the doctor was with him, to behave with that ease which commonly graced his manners; nor were his senses enough under his command, for him to give any great proof of a good understanding; yet he so pleased the doctor, that he pleaded highly in his favour to lady Filmore, in the afternoon; and assured her, as the truth was, that Stanley spoke with great respect of her ladyship.

Leonora was so much better in the afternoon, that she was up, and had got down into the dining-room, where she appeared with certain languid charms that gave the lie to her illness, and made her look if possible more lovely, than when in full health. The other physicians had been feeling her pulse, looking at her tongue, and shaking their wise heads for some minutes; but upon the first appearance of the young doctor, Leonora chang'd colour, and he was afraid the very means he had devised to serve her might alarm, and hurt her; but however, he went up to her with a smile, and whispered, "come, cheer
"up, a friend of mine will be here in five
"mi-

“ minutes, if you are able to see him ;” and desired her to take a few drops of that same assafoetida. The other physicians then took their fees, and disappeared ; when our ambassador proceeded to give an account of his negotiation : which done, lady Filmore said, “ Doctor you have prevailed ! so let him come,” and turning to Leonora, “ you my dear are I am afraid not well enough to see a stranger !” “ O yes, my lady, cries the doctor, I could with Miss was never without company, it will do her good ;” and out he went in search of Stanley, who had been long before at the coffee-house ; for after the doctor had left him, he no longer insisted on Martin’s going of the message ; he had no longer thought of Lloyd ; the expectation of seeing Leonora wholly ingrossing his attention.

On the doctor’s return with Stanley, the old lady was a little confounded ; but poor Leonora could not support herself, and George had the alarming sight of his mistress, pale as death. Our friendly doctor had the good-natured precaution to have the salts in his hand, which without making any alarm, he applied to his patient, and prevented her fainting. George was bound to behave to Leonora, as

to a stranger ; yet it was but civil to enquire even of a stranger's health ; and if he did it in a warmer, so it was in a much more awkward manner, than he would have addressed a stranger ; but the dowager frowned, the doctor put his finger to his nose, and George was silent :— the doctor then whispered Leonora, that if she chose to go to her room, he would ring for her maid, which she gently bowed assent to, for indeed she wanted to be alone. As she was going out, Stanley said not one audible word, a little ejaculation, a sigh, and a tear, were all the testimonies he gave of his love. The doctor now left the room, to see his other patient, poor Marian.

The old lady and Stanley were no sooner alone, than she accosted him, “ you see, young gentleman, what you have done ; are you not ashamed of your behaviour ? ” George was too full of the object that just had left his eyes, to make any excuse. He confessed his fault, lamented Leonora's disorder, and so far from blaming lady Filmore, he applauded her for her opposition ; owning he was not, nor could not be worthy of such an angel. He was also wond'rous respectful to her ladyship, tho' she did not seem affected much by it, “ but bad him give over thinking of Leonora, “ for

“for she would never give her consent
 “to it, even tho’ Leonora had, which she
 “took upon her to say was not the case;”
 and his answer was, “if your ladyship stays
 “till you find a man who deserves Leonora,
 “I fear she will never be a wife; but for my-
 “self I do not, I own deserve her. Think of
 “her I must, tho’ at the utmost distance. May
 “heaven bless her! and God bless you for
 “your worthy care of her!” The good lady
 was not displeased at George’s manner, but
 he was only a merchant’s son, a man of no
 family, no great fortune; and the first her
 ladyship was bent upon; nor had she any ob-
 jection to the second.

The doctor being in the mean time with
 Marian, asked her abundance of questions, to
 fish out any connexions she might have with
 Stanley; but either she was too ill, (for the
 convulsions had left her in a fever) or she
 had recollected herself, and was afraid of dis-
 covering too much; so that all the doctor’s que-
 stions availed him little. She was sitting in an
 arm chair, and the doctor advised her to go to
 bed, and so had the servants before; but all to
 no purpose. She begg’d she might be suf-
 fered to go home. This the doctor opposed,
 as being dangerous, so ill as she was; and he

was arguing this point with her, when an accident discovered what the doctor's cunning had for half an hour been in vain labouring at. A servant came in, to tell the doctor that Mr. Stanley desired to speak to him before he went.—At the name of Stanley, Marian started from her chair crying, “what? “what Stanley?” the doctor at once took his cue, and answered, “Mr. George Stanley, that they said was dead,” “and is he “not? is he then alive! blessed be heaven! “I praise my God! then I can die in peace!” and fell again into her chair. The good young man who attended her, felt her distresses, and pitied her. She again recovered, and turning on him, shook her head, saying, “ah Sir, do not flatter me, do not deceive a “young unhappy creature!” “Indeed I don't,” replied the doctor: “if you please I'll send for “him.” With a half smile, half convulsion on her countenance, she looked stedfastly on him, as if doubtful what to do, but at last, “No, says “she, he must not see me here,” and sighing, “yet I should be glad to see him,—but he “must not see me,”—“then, my good girl, says “he, Mrs. Susan will support you to the window, and I will walk with Mr. Stanley by “it, to convince you that I don't deceive you.” Stanley, who little expected his quondam damsel

fel was in the house, when he was going, had only sent for the doctor to thank him, and to beg the liberty of calling on him to enquire after his dear Leonora. Marian saw him, and fell on her knees, to thank heaven for his safety: but not a syllable passed her lips, which the observant Mrs. Susan did not carry to her lady. This woman never was deficient in her intelligence: not that lady Filmore loved scandal, or tittle-tattle, but how could she help it, if her woman would run on? Mrs. Susan was sensible of the trouble her morning exclamation had occasioned; and therefore was very diligent now to make amends by reports, that she guessed would not be disagreeable to her lady; for servants are strangely sagacious in hitting upon what their masters and mistresses like to hear: nor is it impossible that lady Filmore might have hinted to her woman, to watch the girl above stairs.—Mrs. Susan was just telling her mistress the last circumstance, when the doctor who had stept to Leonora's chamber after he parted with Stanley, came into the room, to let lady Filmore know, he had left the young lady pretty well, and that if she was kept quiet, a few days would, he was sure, intirely restore her.

CHAP. XX.

The ladies fully reconciled.

THE doctor was scarcely gone, when Mrs. Trawly arrived. Her maid had come out early in the morning,——come out too with a considerable parcel of goods, and not returned to dinner. The good woman was somewhat uneasy, and when it came to tea-time, and no Marian, no lace, come back, she was very anxious for her goods; and, resolving to look after them, came to lady Filmore's. Her ladyship was very glad to hear she was come, and ordered her to be shewn in, but not to let her see Marian. When she came in, the old lady tasked her pretty smartly for sending such a body to her. Mrs. Trawley when she found her things safe, was very willing to satisfy her ladyship in every thing. She confessed, “indeed the *creature* was not fit to have the honour of “waiting on her la'ship; and be sure, if her “la'ship had not seemed to take a liking to “her, she had never sent her to her la'ship.” The wary dowager did not want compliments but facts; and therefore insisted on having a full and particular account. The good woman seeing her customer bent on having the whole story,

story, resolved to reveal all she knew, which indeed was not a great deal; for she had got the story by halves from Mrs. Mechlin. She therefore told lady Filmore, "that be sure a young gentleman had ruined her in Germany, and brought her over with him, and afterwards when she was with child by him, had left her." She either did not know of the 1701. he gave her, or forgot to mention it, but assured her ladyship, "that ever since she had lived with her, she had taken up and behaved very well." Lady Filmore desired to know the name of the man who had debauched her, but that Mrs. Trawly did not recollect, or perhaps never had heard; and when her ladyship asked was it Stanley, she did not know, she said: but on a repetition, again and again, of the same question, seeing her ladyship was resolved it should be him, she recollected the name, and was pretty sure 'twas Stanley.

Lady Filmore would not at another time have been better pleased to have found a poor girl innocent, than she was now to find Marian guilty. She ordered, however, the greatest care to be taken of her; but all her persuasions and intreaties could not prevail on the unhappy girl to stay, tho' it was night, and

tho' she was really very ill; insomuch that the doctor had thought it dangerous for her to go out: yet she would not stay, and Mrs. Trawly did not now chuse to take back such a *creter*; but lady Filmore finding the poor girl would not stay with her, ordered her own coach, which was a very warm one, to take her home; desiring Mrs. Trawly to take all possible care of her, and she would be at the charge herself. And now Mrs. Trawly again changed her tone, "O lack! ay be sure, "'twould be pity to *desart* the poor young "*creter*," and insisted on going home in the very coach with her, to take care of her. Lady Filmore's benevolence would at any time have induced her to do a good-natured charitable act, but she had now another point in view, to which all her care of Marian was directed. She dismissed Mrs. Trawly and her servant, with no small satisfaction to herself, and then went to sit a little with her granddaughter, to whom she was all good humour, and gave not the least hint of any thing that had passed.

In the mean time, Mr. Lloyd had spent but an uneasy day. After having fretted and vexed himself a long while, his good sense at last told him, that if he did not promise to keep out of

Stan-

Stanley's way, his mother's fondness would do something to make both him and herself ridiculous; he therefore came to terms with her, and regained his liberty.

The next day, Leonora was much better, and Mrs. Lloyd came, almost determined to break off with lady Filmore; but being let into her ladyship's design of setting Leonora against Stanley, by acquainting her with his commerce with Marian (without any design of saying that commerce was at an end) Mrs. Lloyd was induced to continue the treaty. Lady Filmore was however afraid to unmask her batteries, till Leonora had fully recovered her strength; indeed she would sometimes throw in a few small shot, as a little pity on the poor girl that fainted away, and so on; and as Leonora gathered strength, she would wonder at the reason of the girl's fainting: and in a day or two more would cry, "sure the creature could not know Mr. Stanley?" these things, dropt with judgment, had their effect, and roused Leonora; for tho' she had herself *resolved to forget Stanley*, yet could she not endure that he should think of any one else, nor did it at all please her to imagine, that he would, or could bestow a look on any but herself. She could not help putting the several circumstances concerning Marian

together; for there was not one of them of which the careful Mrs. Susan did not take care to inform her: not indeed by the express order of her mistress, for she was so good a servant, that where she saw the saying a thing to a third person would please her lady, she never failed saying it, tho' that third person suffered ever so much in hearing it, as Leonora certainly did. She would sometimes, with a little more red in her face than she commonly carried, bid the impertinent hold her tongue; but then again, she would soften and relent, and Susan would run on, till the gentle Leonora was glad of the ease her tears gave her. Not one circumstance of her behaviour, did the faithful waiting woman omit to her good lady, who related the whole again to Mrs. Lloyd; and began to hate Stanley so much, that sooner than he should have Leonora, she would let her son have taken something of less money than she before expected. Her son himself was vexed to the heart; he had an affection for Miss Filmore, and if 'tis his fate to have her, will, I doubt not, make a kind and affectionate husband: but he was now never suffered by his careful mamma, to go twenty paces without a footman at his heels. It may be said, why did he suffer this? I can't answer this query; but there are some notable ladies, who from the hour they

they make a man their husband, by vowing obedience to him, from that moment subject that same lord and master to a more blind and implicit observance of their will, than ever a Moorish slave paid to an Eastern sovereign ; and this tyranny they maintain over the whole family, sons, daughters, cousins, all who are within *her* house. Young Lloyd, tho' he was two or three and twenty, had been so broke to the yoke, that he had no thought of throwing it off, tho' it galled him ; which is one reason why it will be a pity if he should ever call Leonora wife, for it will be throwing away a man already broke to the hand, on one who will never wish or affect to command her husband. The old ladies, however, seemed closer allied than ever ; and that they might make the most of the German girl's story, they had sent for Mrs. Trawly ; and as she named Mrs. Mechlin, they sent for her too.

Marian had, in observance of her promise, never mentioned a word of Leonora. Her mistress would sometimes say, "ay, ay, I told you so ; I knew he'd leave you for another. Never trust another of 'em ; but I wonder, who has he got now ? prithee tell me." Poor Marian's answer always was, "Indeed he has got no body else ; but don't

H 5

" talk

“talk any more of that, pray don’t.” Such an answer, was far from satisfying the old milliner, who, tho’ really a good woman, yet loved to know all and all about it, in every thing; and on such occasions, would turn upon Marian, “What do ye tell me that? puh! “I know better: the feller now pretends love “somewhere else, I warrant does he.”—— Marian would then sigh, let fall a tear, and seal her lips in silence.

C H A P. XXI.

A story never loses by telling.

WITH these suspicions, and those not cleared up, and with all the knowledge of real facts that Mrs. Mechlin had, no wonder she told the ladies, “that after debauching her in Germany, and bringing her “over here, he turned her off, and took to “another.” That *took to another*, was nuts to the ladies; they wished it in their hearts to be true, and poor Mrs. Mechlin really thought it so. She did indeed mention the money he gave her; but that, the ladies did not much regard, and dismissed Mrs. Mechlin with wonderful civility: Mrs. Lloyd desiring her. (for it was at Mrs. Lloyd’s house this interview happened) to find out, if possible, with whom it was,

was, he now intrigued. When they were alone, lady Filmore indeed said, "she could not believe he had now any body else: she rather feared she said, he had left this girl, from his attachment to Leonora;" but Mrs. Lloyd cried pshaw to that, "did not I, says she, ask her, are you quite sure he had another? and did not her answer confirm it?" We are easily induced to believe what we wish to be true; so that Mrs. Lloyd had no great trouble in persuading lady Filmore; who went home thinking it high time now to open the affair to Leonora. With a great deal of good sense and affection, she set before her the danger of a young woman's letting a man, inferior to her, in rank especially, hold a place in her affections. She then spoke plainly of Stanley; she allowed him all his merit, but then his vast profligacy in respect to women; his insincerity; his daring to keep up a criminal connexion with a creature, while he pretended love to her, with a great many other aggravations. Poor Leonora had been almost subdued by her grandmamma's manner, and sat silently, with her lips trembling, till this last sentence; and then she burst into so violent a fit of tears, that it was not unlike an hysserick; so that the good old lady almost repented having said

said so much: but Leonora recovering herself, the old lady went on saying, "she owned
 " she never thought Stanley a match for a child
 " of hers, as being of no family, and having
 " no considerable fortune; but still she might
 " perhaps excuse *her* thinking of him, while
 " his affection seemed to call for a return from
 " her." But, now says she, "that you see
 " his love is all affectation; that he has be-
 " trayed his friend lord Belfont who had
 " served him, and basely imposed on you who
 " had a good opinion of him; sure, child,
 " you cannot think of him? you must not, my
 " dear."—"I will not, my dear grandmamma,
 " said the lovely Leonora in tears, I will not,
 " nay I did not;—for sure I had no reason:—
 " only to have a good opinion of him;—and
 " that I had, because I heard you say, he was
 " become very good, and had left those bad
 " ways; surely he can't be still so wicked?"—
 Lady Filmore was not much pleased with this;
 however she pursued her course, and offered to
 bring Mrs. Mechlin to her, but that Leonora
 disdained. Her ladyship dwelt too much on the
 baseness of his deserting and leaving to the
 wide world a poor unhappy creature, that had
 left her country, and her friends for his sake.
 She did not at all think it necessary, great as
 her love for truth was, to mention his provision

for her. Leonora knew not what to say, or believe. She wished to think George incapable of deceiving her; but the proofs seemed too strong to be controvertable. Nothing more hurts our vanity, than to find our judgment contradicted by the ill behaviour of one we expected the best things from; and this even in common cases: but where a young lady finds herself deceived by the man she had judged so favourably of, as to think he deserved *herself*,—there the disappointment is aggravated above measure. Hence the gentle Leonora was agitated and tortured beyond description. She would cry, and sigh, then dry her tears, and beg grandmamma's pardon, for contradicting her so long; then cry again; then resolve to examine further; then all was too plain; then she would do whatever her ladyship pleased;—then sink into a chair, weep and lament her fate;—then rouse herself, and say she'd write to Miss Stanley, and give it under her hand, that her brother had no right to her.—The old lady at once caught hold of this, and coolly replied, “Why, my dear, I think it would be paying him too great a compliment, and not keeping up your own dignity; it might imply, you once had a regard for him; therefore, perhaps you had better not!” O yes, she said she would; and
seizing

feizing the pen and ink, wrote two words, and tore the sheet; wrote again, but that did not please; and tried a third, with the same success.

But the old lady perceived, I doubt, some little alteration of the young one's mind, and said, Leonora, my dear, I don't wonder at your being disturbed; your resentment is just; but in the hurry you are in, 'tis impossible you should write; give me the pen, you shall copy it. Leonora got up without making any answer, and indulged herself in tears, while the old lady wrote.

Dear Miss STANLEY,

“ I KNOW your friendship to be such, that I
 “ I may depend upon it on all occasions. I
 “ therefore entreat you to burn every letter
 “ you may have of mine. If I once thought
 “ more of a certain gentleman than you advised,
 “ I have now opened my eyes, and
 “ think of him no more, nor must he think
 “ of me: tho’ I pretend no right to command
 “ him; for what he thinks or does, is
 “ upon my word, indifferent to me; and if he
 “ has any sense of honour, upon knowing that
 “ I am resolved to obey my grandmamma in
 “ every

“ every thing, and that I do obey her without
 “ reluctance, he will give me no farther
 “ trouble. You will pardon my saying, I can-
 “ not desire an answer, tho’ I am your fin-
 “ cere friend,

“ LEONORA FILMORE.”

The old lady valued herself much on thus taking in her grand-daughter to promise obedience; and turning to her, “ come, my dear, “ says she, this I believe will do; tho’ ’tis doing him too much honour:” “ yes grand-mamma,” returned the afflicted fair, “ I “ think it is, and it may be better not to send “ it,” but the dowager frowning answered, “ how Miss! am I your jest then? you make “ me write, and then, forsooth, alter your mind! “ come madam, write this:”—The grand-daughter was frightened, and obeyed; and when she had gone through it, Oh! what would she have given to have dared to tear it! The old lady read it over, and altered some twenty mistakes, tho’ there was not in England a more correct writer than Miss Filmore.—She then bid her fold it up, and seal it, and while the dowager was looking into the street, Leonora could not help adding, “ Ah Fanny, had your “ brother not deceived me basely, I had never”. — but the old lady turned round, and she could add

add no more: so a servant conveyed it to the city; and Leonora was again worked up by the old lady into such disdain of Stanley, that she, in pure revenge, went voluntarily down to sit with Lloyd, who happened to call.

While George, who chanced to be in the city, had the mortification to read the letter from Leonora, the few words at the bottom shewed plainly, somebody had misrepresented him, and imposed on her; but he could send no answer by the servant, who had punctually obeyed his old lady in leaving the letter, and walking off immediately.

Stanley resolved to have recourse to his old friend Mrs. Slim, but alas! as he was going to her, a little accident happened, that unluckily prevented his proceeding, with that expedition at least, which a man, jealous of his honour, and a lover fond, to distraction, of his mistress, would have wished to use:—and this accident was no other than his being arrested.

The reader may remember the worthy Mr. Blueball, to whom our hero was, at this unseasonable time, indebted for a considerable sum. The bond had become due two days, and his friend Sourgrape, who had promised to

answer it, was again out of town. George would not have been so silly, at any other time, to have made resistance; but to be stopt at such a critical moment, he could not indure it. However his resistance was in vain, for not having so much as a stick in his hand, he was in a moment overpowered and conveyed by the commander of the party to the very house from whence he had lately released poor Mr. Aprice.

C H A P. XXII.

'Tis a good time for a rogue to catch hold of a man, when he is going about a love affair, he then consents to any thing.

NEVER was a man's mind in more agitation than Stanley's; yet the disgrace of being arrested; his inability of paying the debt, without his father's knowing it; the shame of owning it to his father; the uncertainty of his father's agreeing to pay it, when made acquainted with it; all these things were lost in the one vexation, that it obstructed his love.—What to do, which way to turn him, he knew not. He was arrested in a little bye place, which, if he had concerned himself now about his credit, he might have thought a lucky circumstance, as his disgrace was not so publick; but we weak-sighted mortals, think and call many things

things accidents, that are not so, for these fellows had their directions to dog him from his father's, and nab him as he passed through some dark passage or other. He ordered his friend Martin to be sent for; but the fellow could not find out Martin, for one plain reason, he never went to look for him.

Again he called the porter, and bid him go here, go there, go every where, and not return without delivering the note he gave him to captain Martin. When the fellow returned, he said, "he gave the gemman the note, but he said as how he was engaged, and could not come." "You lie, you dog!" cries Stanley, and would have struck the fellow, but he was too nimble, and being out of arms reach, swore vehemently to what he said. Stanley was now lost in grief and surprize. His mistress was imposed on, and entertained suspicions injurious to his honour; and now that he wished above all things to satisfy her of his innocence; when every moment she continued in these suspicions, more and more endangered the loss of her for ever; at such a time, that the friend from whose zeal alone, he hoped to redeem his reputation, to find that friend false, or even but to see cause for suspecting him,

was

was such accumulated distress, as almost distracted him. But tho' the fellow had sworn that Martin refused to come, it was nevertheless false, for the bailiff had got his cue, and tho' he would let Stanley pay as much and frequent portrage as he pleased; yet would he take especial care, that the porter should be one of his own myrmidons. In short, he himself resolved to personate all friends to whom any notes or messages were sent. They were all accordingly delivered to him; and he sent back the answers.

Stanley was almost mad, to find himself thus deserted; but towards evening, the kind Mr. Blueball paid him a visit. "Your servant, your servant, young gentleman," said this scoundrel. Stanley, vexed as he was to the heart, did not know how to behave to the fellow. Had he indulged his inclination, he would have out-ranted Zanga in execrations; but his reason subduing his passion, he civilly intreated the wretch he hated, offered him any bond, any surety, for any sum he pleased, provided he would release him. "Why aye," returns the miser, "just as I said, when you young gentlemen have your ends of we that are fools enough to let you have our

"mo-

“ money ; away [you runs, and never thinks
 “ of paying. Why here ha’nt I gi’n ye a
 “ month already ? didn’t I warn you a week
 “ before your time ; did’nt I come to you the
 “ day you ought to have paid it ? and your
 “ answer truly was, a few days, and my friend
 “ Mr. Sourgrape will be in town, and will fur-
 “ nish the cash ;—is not all this true ? ” George
 sat gnashing his teeth for anguish ; every word
 the fellow had said was true, yet was he not
 the less a false villain, tho’ he got hold of a
 string of truths. Blueball continued with an
 astonishing impudence, “ Well then, can
 “ you blame I ? ”—“ no Sir, I’ll blame no
 “ one,” answered Stanley, “ let me but go out
 “ for two hours now, and I’ll worship you.
 “ I’ll sign any bonds, I’ll do any thing ; I have
 “ such urgent business, let me but go for one
 “ hour, I’ll return, brand me for a villain if I
 “ don’t ”—and me for a fool,” returned the
 jeering old miser, “ if I do. No, no, old
 “ birds are not caught with chaff ; ” and indeed,
 tho’ George thought it very hard not to be trust-
 ed, yet certainly Blueball would have acted in-
 consistently in letting his debtor out of his
 hands.—George began to rave, but was stopt
 by Blueball’s saying, “ well, go on ! I came
 “ to serve you, but if you don’t like it, leave it,
 “ that’s.

“that’s all.” “Like it! yes by heavens!”
 “name the terms that may this night give me
 “my liberty, I’ll comply with any thing.”
 “Nay do what you please, I only came to
 “tell you, your friend Mr. Sourgrape is re-
 “turned to town; I met him coming in this
 “afternoon: now we may see whether he
 “will lend you the money, or bail you; for
 “Sourgrape is a good man! yes, I’d take
 “his bail.” Stanley was in extasy to hear that
 Sourgrape was come to town. He was now
 sure of being released. Without delay he sent
 for this friend; and like a friend, without de-
 lay, Sourgrape came to him.

Stanley rejoiced to see him, and he as co-
 piously condoled with Stanley, on finding him
 in such a place; his friendship even went so
 far, that he abused Blueball for his exactness.
 “Could you not, says he, have staid a fortnight
 “or three weeks? I should then be in cash;
 “and my friend here should not want any
 “thing I had.” O how Stanley rejoiced in
 so good a friend! he thank’d him, and em-
 braced him, and then desired him to bail
 him. “Why as to bail, looke Mr. Stanley, if
 “as how I had the money, d— my f—,
 “George Stanley should not want it: but as
 “to bail, I have sworn indeed, I have —,
 “I have

“ I have sworn never to bail my father, looke ; ”
 and had his father been in distress, Sourgrape
 certainly would have kept his word. It was in
 vain then, that Stanley urged his important bu-
 siness, the necessity and urgency in his affairs,
 for his liberty that night ; for Blueball would
 not submit to his stirring without bail ; and
 Sourgrape religiously kept his vow not to be
 bail. Stanley was hurt to see this in his friend
 too ;—but that friend said, “ D— me, I am
 “ sorry I ever made this vow, by G— am I,
 “ for your sake ; but d— my blood, when a
 “ man does swear, why faith he must keep his
 “ oath, that he must you know ; besides
 “ I’ve lost so much !——but have you no
 “ friend you’ll send to ? where’s your captain
 “ now ? there——what’s his name——captain
 “ Martin ? ” alas answered the unhappy Stan-
 ley, “ all the world have deserted me.”
 “ Surely not ! ” cried Sourgrape ; and hugeous
 angry he was to hear that Martin had refused
 to come ; and much he disclaimed against
 false friendship. It grew very late, George
 still offering to comply with any terms, Blue-
 ball insisting on the money or bail, and Sour-
 grape persisting in the observance of his vow ;
 till at last it happened, by mere accident I
 suppose ! Blueball, on a sudden thought, cries
 out, “ egad I’ve thought on’t ! for fegs I pity
 “ the

“ the young gentleman, and would let him
 “ go; but I should never think to thrive
 “ after, if I let a man off without paying,
 “ when once I had got him.” “ Well Sir,
 “ says George, hastily, tell us what you have
 “ to propose? let it be what it will, if it but
 “ put’s me at liberty?—and a deep sigh, with
 a look to heaven, was all he could add. Sour-
 grape, who knew his situation, guessed it was a
 good time to go on, and gave the wink to
 Blueball; who proceeded, “ Why, besure
 “ Mr. Sourgrape has often suffered by his good
 “ nature;”——“ ay, too often, by G—,” said
 Sourgrape; “ well then, besure you’re right,
 “ Sir, to be careful, replied Blueball, but sup-
 “ pose now I have hit of a method to please
 “ all parties?”——“ Prithee, cries George,
 “ proceed, and keep us not in suspense; give
 “ me but this night’s liberty, and you shall
 “ have any thing, every thing.”——“ Nay,
 “ nay Sir, I want nothing but my own,
 “ but I speak for your advantage, young
 “ gentleman;” “ speak on then,” cries George,
 and the other continued, “ why, you know
 “ the estate your father purchased in War-
 “ wickshire;——now Sir! mayhap, if you
 “ make over your interest therein to Mr. Sour-
 “ grape, mayhap he will be your bail.” Stan-
 ley, in spite of his blindness, now began to
 see

see what a bubble he had been. It was now too late at night for him to have done any thing, had he been at liberty ; yet his eagerness to be unrestrained from clearing himself to Leonora, made him willing to consent, with his eyes open, to any thing. His friend Sourgrape, answered Blueball's proposal thus ;
 " Bail I won't be for any man,—yet, I'd be
 " glad to serve my friend Mr. Stanley. But
 " what do you mean, Mr. Blueball, by
 " talking of his making over his right?—
 " do you think me as great a rogue as your-
 " self, to propose his making over that to me,
 " as a security for being his bail ? why you
 " old knave, do you know that his interest in
 " that estate is worth ten times your lousy debt?"
 " Nay, nay Mr. Sourgrape, I did but propose
 " it, so good night, if you don't like it," said the pawnbroker, and seemed going off. Stanley renewed his intreaties to Sourgrape, who adhered religiously to his vow ; but said, " my dear
 " Stanley, I love thee, by Jove I do ! and
 " would lend thee the money if I had it !—let
 " me see ! you Mr. Blueball, I believe would
 " take my bond for"—" ay, ay, interrupted
 " the other, I would trust your bond for a good
 " many thousands." " Well, and pray Mr.
 " Blueball, since you have so good an opinion
 " of

“ of me, what sum could you spare,” why
 answered the other, “ if you wanted it, I be-
 lieve I could command about 4000 l. or
 “ thereabouts ;” “ 4000 l. repeated Sourgrape,
 “ that is not enough, by — let me see,”—
 and seemed to calculate,—“ by, by, 700 l.”
 and turning to Stanley, “ George, I would
 “ wish to serve you ; I know your affairs re-
 “ quire money, if you were in cash now, you
 “ might marry the lady in spite of them all,
 “ and live handsomely till old Scrape died ;
 “ and then you know your lady must bring
 “ you a fine fortune.” George was all atten-
 tion, and his friend proceeded, “ now, tho’ I
 “ love you, my boy ; yet it is but fair I should
 “ secure myself. Since Mr. Blueball has men-
 “ tioned it, if you have a mind to sell your in-
 “ terest, I’ll give you a good price for it, tho’
 “ I am at the inconvenience of borrowing and
 “ paying 5 per cent. He says he’ll let me have
 “ 4000 l. but I think I know the price of
 “ things as well as another ; and d— me,
 “ George, I would sooner be a little loser my-
 “ self, than wrong my friend. ’Tis worth about
 “ 700 l. more. I’ll pay you down the 4000 l.
 “ tomorrow morning ; I’ll take your debt on
 “ myself, and give you my note for the re-
 “ mainder, payable in seven days.” George
 was not so ignorant, but he plainly saw

that Sourgrape was grossly imposing on him; but then the present convenience of such a sum, had great temptations; and what Sourgrape had dropt of his gaining Leonora speedily, and of a great fortune at Scrape's death; notwithstanding all the difficulties he was so well aware of, was not without its weight with Stanley: who without much hesitation, agreed to all that had been proposed, provided they would instantly dismiss him.

Sourgrape, who knew George's temper and genius, had expected to succeed by surprize; by dazzling him with a good sum, at a time he was in actual distress; and had prepared all things ready, that the whole might be finished, and made secure to him, before Stanley recollected himself.

As soon as they had come to this agreement, they were going together to a tavern, to sign and seal; when a little accident happened, that at once robbed these vultures of their prey, and saved Stanley from ruin.

C H A P. XXIII.

*Old gentlemen have strange notions of their sons
mistresses.*

TH O' Stanley had been arrested in a place not very publick, and the resistance he made was trifling and ineffectual; yet did it not pass unobserved; nor was it very long before it reached his sister's ears; who was in the greatest perplexity what to do, or how to act. To tell either Mr. or Mrs. Stanley of it, would certainly make them uneasy, and perhaps not please her brother, who might get released without acquainting them with it. Martin happening to come, she concluded he would be the first person George sent to; but finding, upon certain leading questions, that he really knew nothing of the matter, she told him what she had heard. This worthy youth needed not her prayers to make him fly to the relief of his friend; but how to find where he was, proved the greatest difficulty. There was no message, at his lodgings, nor at any of the places he frequented, for Martin went or sent to them all. This puzzled him greatly. He dur't not make a very publick enquiry;

grace, but also bring the affair to his father's knowledge. He did not rest however, till he found George out; but it was near Twelve at night before he did so. He first met with one of the very fellows who had arrested him; who had got his task; and was not very willing to discover where Stanley was: "Yes," he said, he had arrested two or three gentlemen that day, but did not know any of their names, not he;" and accordingly carried Martin a wild goose chase to three or four houses, where he knew Stanley was not; and was at last sure his honour had been misinformed, for he had touched no one else that day. This he asserted so positively, that Martin himself began to believe him; but happening to say, he would give a guinea to find where his friend was, it refreshed the fellow's memory, and he told him at once: but said at the same time, his going would be to no purpose, for they would deny him. Martin at first thought of taking out a warrant against the bailiff, but that would have discovered his informer, who put him in a much easier way; go, says he, and don't ask for any body, but say you want to speak to Mr. Blueball, as if you knew he was there; for they all meet there to-night. "All," cried Martin, who?" "why
 "Blue-

“Blueball and master Sourgrape, says the fellow, but may be they’re gone now.” This was enough to make Martin suspect some villainy; he obeyed his director, and was at once conveyed to a little room, where Blueball came to him; with a “do you want me, Sir?” Martin sternly replied, “no, Sir, I want Mr. Stanley; let me see him immediately!” The catchpole himself had come in with Blueball, and surlily ask’d, “what Stanley? no such man lives here; I own this house, and my name a’nt Stanley.” The captain hereupon coolly replied, but with a resolute tone, “you did, Sir, this day, arrest Mr. George Stanley, at the suit of one Blueball. I believe this is the man; and now, Sir, refuse to let me see him if you dare;” and with that he pushed towards the room which Blueball had come out of. The two rogues stared at one another, while Martin opened the room-door, where he found his friend with an attorney, and Sourgrape; the other two followed him. He was no welcome visitant to any one of the company: not to Sourgrape and his crew, because they feared he would rob them of their prey; nor to George himself, because he thought Martin had behaved ill, in not coming sooner; and when the latter said, “have I found you

"at last!" and would have flown to embrace his friend; that friend retired from him, answering, "if you had chose it, you might, Sir, have found me sooner: but you had other engagements! by heavens, replied Martin, the villain that told you so, basely lied. If you sent, nobody came to me; none saw me; I by chance found you out, and when I came here, that rascal denied you. O my friend, it shocks me to see you in such a damned groupe of villains." Stanley was at once convinced, and not without a sense of shame, embraced his worthy friend; and then told him what he was going to do. Martin was astonished; for this last 300 l. he never had heard one word of before: but it was no time now to discuss that; he only intreated him not to come into their villainous designs; and to stay till to-morrow, when all his difficulties might be removed. Stanley yielded. Sourgrape began to swear; but Martin looked him into silence: for tho' Sourgrape was no coward, yet is there something so commanding in the resentment of an honest man, who has courage, that it instantly subdues a rogue. This was the case at present, and all these scoundrels sneaked off, leaving the two friends together.

They

They no sooner were so, than Stanley told Martin the true state of his affairs; but above all, how he had been misrepresented to Leonora; and his impatience to undeceive her. The captain now found it necessary to promise him all his assistance; especially to clear any imputation that might be thrown on his friend's honour. He, however, persuaded Stanley to throw himself upon his father, to whom Martin undertook to disclose this affair.

But unluckily it was an ill time to prevail on the old gentleman to forgive his son's extravagance. Mrs. Mechlin, that she might be able to give such an account to Mrs. Lloyd as she knew would please her to hear, had now satisfied herself with enquiries of Stanley's life in and about the Temple; but finding he had never a Miss here, she had gone to the city, to see if she could find one there. She had not made her enquiries with much secrecy, and to induce others to tell what they did, or did not know, she did not herself conceal what she knew. Now the story of the German girl was not unknown; it had reached Mr. and Mrs. Stanley's ears; but not altogether whole and entire. All they heard was, that George lived with a woman, and that at one stroke he had given her 200l. This had sorely vex'd the

old gentlefolks, who loved their son most tenderly ; his former extravagancies they had forgiven, as the effects of youth ; but expected at least that experience would have made him wiser. But to find him now more abandoned than ever, was a shock they scarcely knew how to bear.

Now there are certain qualities that a father is very apt to suppose the natural attributes of a woman, who lives with his son, without having the title of wife——such as *licentiousness, wantonness, profligacy, perfidy, dissimulation, prodigality*, and iniquity of every kind. Say that a woman who is robbed of one virtue, may yet not have lost them all ; and these old gentlemen lose their patience. And, in fact, they are very seldom mistaken : so that notwithstanding the virtues that Marian really had, we must not condemn Mr. Stanley for supposing there remained no hopes of his son's reclaiming, when he thought him connected with a woman, who had art enough at once to get such a sum as 200 l. out of him ; for the occasion of that gift had never reached him.

Full of gloomy reflexions on this disagreeable topic was Mr. Stanley, when captain Martin came to him ; and the request of 500 l. only

enraged him. He would not hear of it, but said, “the young man, he saw, was resolved “himself to be ruined, but he would take “care he should ruin no body else;” and with this he broke from the captain, and left the room.

Martin, however, did not doubt but that the old gentleman would be prevailed on in time. Mean while George’s impatience to be at liberty to shew his innocence to his mistress, he knew would ill brook any delay; in hopes however, to carry him some good news, he waited on Mrs. Slim, desiring her to convey a letter to Leonora, which Stanley had given him: but that good woman either repented of doing a thing, which might have a tendency to corrupt a young lady, or, which is less improbable, did not chuse to have a third person thus acquainted with her ready good-nature in carrying a letter, or so;—or which is not impossible, she had heard Stanley was arrested for a large sum, and therefore she could expect no more presents of teas, fans, pieces of cambrick, ruffles, heads, and all those pretty things, that George used to furnish her with, in return for the mighty intelligence she used from time to time to bring him. In short, she flatly refused Martin; who being afraid to

return to his friend without some good news, resolved now to do a thing worthy his friendship; but what that was, the reader will learn in the next chapter.

C H A P. XXIV.

The force of true friendship.

TH^{O'} in the letter Leonora had copied, she had forbid any answer, yet would she not have been much displeased to have received one; and from the three words she had added, she expected Stanley would have wrote. But the whole day and night passed, yet no letter came, no message, no news of Stanley. If this did not make her think less of Stanley, it made her think less of herself, for having entertained so high an opinion of a man, who took so little pains to clear his innocence, if he was innocent; which she now indeed began to doubt. But the morning convinced her of his guilt; for old Mr. Stanley, full of those things he had heard, his son's abandoned life, his extravagance, and his wicked connexions with a woman he had the worst opinion of, and knowing from his wife the uneasiness George's pretensions to Miss Filmore, had given her grandmamma, and knowing the worth of both the old and the young lady; he thought it his duty (for he was really a very conscientious man) to

erase,

erase, as much as he could, any impressions his son might have made on Leonora. He therefore at once went to lady Filmore, who was not a little surprized at a visit from him, who had scarcely ever been at her house, even in the time of her greatest intimacy with his wife. He was shewn up stairs, and lady Filmore had given a hint to Leonora to retire, but he got to the door just as she was going out; and gently taking her by the hand, led her in again saying, "young lady my business is chiefly
 "with you." Seeing lady Filmore a little displeased, he added, "be not offended, ma-
 "dam, with the unhappy father of an un-
 "happy young man, who has deceived the
 "world, and me too!"——Tears stopped the poor old man's voice, while her ladyship, not a little softened with such a beginning, thus desired him to proceed,——"bless me, Mr.
 "Stanley! your son was very well spoke of!
 "what is the matter? some little excursion of
 "youth; no more I hope!"——Madam, replied he, "in one word, he is an abandoned!
 "a profligate wretch has got such intire com-
 "mand of him, that there is no hopes;——
 "and yet, my lady, you know how promising a
 "young man he was, and oh that I could say
 "he is!——but 'tis said, he pretended a
 "particular regard for this young lady, which
 "is

“is what I can never forgive! ladies! it is
 “my duty to inform you that he is under the
 “influence of a profligate creature, that at
 “once got 200l. from him, and he is now
 “arrested for 500 l. which I suppose she has
 “got too: and God knows how much more!
 “—I beg your ladyship’s pardon if I have too
 “officially intruded myself, on this occasion,
 “but I thought it incumbent on me to unde-
 “ceive this fine young lady, by shewing her,
 “that my unhappy son deserves no part of her
 “regard;” he then departed, leaving Leonora
 to the melancholy relief of tears, and the old
 lady to the joy of having such a proof of Stan-
 ley’s misbehaviour, nor did she make a slight
 use of it. Leonora vowed to think no more
 of him; and Lloyd was received on a better
 footing than ever. Not that she had approved
 more of Lloyd now than before, but her
 grandmother would allow nothing to be a
 proof of her not still liking Stanley; but her
 being very civil to Lloyd: and the poor
 Leonora was too afflicted to dispute any thing.
 —Mrs. Mechlin, indeed, returned with a very
 lame account; however, they made the best of
 it; and things now seemed to go on swim-
 mingly with Lloyd.

Mean

Mean while poor Stanley remained in close confinement, absolutely forbidding Sourgrape or Blueball to be admitted to him ; and eagerly expecting the return of his friend : who having hitherto proved unsuccessful, waited on his colonel, lord Belfont, and requested leave to sell out. My lord had a high regard for Martin, and was not willing to lose him. He told him, therefore, he would never agree to part with him, “ unless captain, says he, “ something very much to your own advantage “ requires it.” He then insisted on knowing his reason, and at last Martin told him his friend’s distress; that his father had refused to bail him; and that he knew no other way of relieving him, than by selling his own commission. The peer was struck with the zeal of Martin’s friendship ; it recalled his own ; and in a moment he said, “ no, Martin, I know Stanley’s “ worth too well, to think he would be pleased “ that you should ruin yourself for him ; but “ I’ll settle it ; I will bail him ; and he shall “ pay me at his leisure. I would pay the money ; but faith I am out of cash.” It was in vain for Martin to dispute ; the chariot was called, and they went together to Stanley, who was not over pleased to be seen by lord Belfont, in such a place ; and less so, when he found the intention of lord Belfont’s visit.

He

He thank'd him for the offer, and that too with the greatest sincerity and politeness; but by no means would accept of it: and as to Martin's selling out, it enraged him so that the worthy captain gave that point up. As to coming into that villain Sourgrape's design, he renounced it, as unjust to his family; he would rely on his father, he said, and if he would not release him, he would submit to his fate. Yet would he still sigh grievously: and his friends, however unwilling, were obliged to leave him in this uncertain and melancholy situation.

Marian, in the mean time, recovered her health, and began to think on the mischief she might have done Stanley. They had all got her story so pat at Mrs. Trawley's, that the poor girl, could stay there no longer; and Mrs. Mechlin too, began to be so very *virtuous* now, that she would not converse with her. Marian therefore packed up her all, and removed to the city; where she sent for Martin, from whom she learnt Stanley's distress. She had been so far from an extravagant, that her stock was rather increased, and she would have sent it all to Stanley; but Martin knew Stanley would not take it; and as it did not amount to one half of the sum wanted, it would
answer

answer no end. From him, too, she learnt that Leonora was offended with Stanley, and she sighed to think that she herself might be the cause of that offence, of which nevertheless she gave no intimation to Martin.

The reader may remember the letter which Stanley gave his friend to forward to Leonora ; and which Mrs. Slim piously refused to deliver. At last, however, Martin found means to convey it ; but as it was, tho' in warm and affectionate, yet in general terms, (for he could use no other as the charge was general) it had little weight with Leonora ; who was strongly persuaded, that he had imposed on her all the while : and yet *that* she could scarcely believe. Marian, by many things dropt from Mrs. Trawly and Mrs. Mechlin, concluded her fair rival had received bad impressions of her ; wherefore she took the liberty, in the most submissive terms, to write to lady Filmore, and acknowledged herself an unhappy criminal. But tho' she confessed Stanley had formerly passed some time with her, yet did she acquit him of any broken vows, averring, that from the time he first admired Leonora, he broke off all commerce with her ; but that having too much honour to abandon her to the world, he had raised a sum for her, for which she feared he

now

now suffered his father's displeasure. She called every thing that was sacred to witness the truth of what she said; and in short, lady Filmore was more convinced than pleased with it. However, she had no design to shew it Leonora; but that young lady chancing to be present at the receipt, and observing her grandmamma a little moved at the reading it, happened to say to her own maid, who had then been in the room; "bless me, Mary, I wonder what letter that was, my grandmamma was so careful in putting into her pocket!" "Dear me, ma'am, answered the girl, and so do I too, I vow!" The girl, tho' young, was a very promising girl, and next morning awoke Leonora, with "ma'am I have a comical paper to read to you," and began and went through the whole letter, in spite of Leonora, who often cried, "what does the girl mean? is she mad? what is that paper?" but the girl made no answer, till she had got quite through,—and then with a low curtesy said, "ma'am, this is the letter my lady was so careful of." "How hussy, how came you by it?" "O ma'am, cries the girl, my lady is not up yet, and I know where her pockets hang!" "bless me, girl! sure you would not dare! sure you would not dare to take it! it can't be: let me see;"

and

and running it over in the highest perturbation and flutter of spirits, she exclaimed, "As I'm
" alive it is the letter ! here put it back, put it
" back !" and severely chiding her, bid her
restore it to its place, which she did ; and an-
gry as the young lady was at the pickpocket,
she gave her that morning a very good Irish
stuff gown.

I don't know whether Leonora ought to
have given credit to this letter, after what she
heard from old Mr. Stanley ; but certain it is,
she did believe it every word : and thought
she had wronged Stanley so much by listening
to stories already, that come from whence or
whom they would, she resolved to believe no
more of them.

C H A P. XXV.

Lady Filmore the dupe of her own scheme. Leonora discarded. Lord Belfont triumphs.

LEONORA gave the more consequence to the letter, as the old lady concealed it; and persuading herself that even her grandmamma thought Stanley innocent, she did not think herself fairly dealt with; and no longer bound by her promises of civility to Lloyd, whom she now refused to see: and all the grandmother could say, had no effect; she would not see him. Mrs. Lloyd thought it a slight, grew angry, blamed lady Filmore, and offered to break off, if all things were not concluded instantly. Lady Filmore was vexed to the highest degree. After thinking she had brought things so far, now to be disappointed, was more than she could endure; nor could she imagine what to impute it to. She was afraid lord Belfont had gained ground; but hinting that, not without a sneer, Leonora so solemnly protested, she never would give her hand to lord Belfont, that she was eased of that apprehension, and ventured the more boldly, on the old scarecrow the city: which Leonora deprecated

precated with great earnestness, but to no purpose : Lloyd or the city was the word. Leonora promised never to dispose of herself without her grandmamma's consent ; but it would not do. She prayed, then expostulated, and that a little warmly. The old lady grew angry ; the coach was ordered ; Leonora still persisted ; the dowager grew more and more warm, and ordered her into the coach. Miss begg'd and wept, but wept and begg'd in vain ; the old lady took her into the coach, and bad the coachman drive to Mr. Scrape's. Leonora was greatly disquieted ; she still implored her grandmother ; vowed to give up Stanley for ever, in express words, which she never had done before ; and having done so much, lady Filmore did not doubt, but now was the time to prevail for all. She therefore positively insisted,— that she should receive Lloyd, and treat him as the man that was to be her husband. —So frightened was Leonora, at the thoughts of seeing her grandfather, and being in his power, that twenty times she was on the point of agreeing to all ;—but as often recollected herself. They stopt at Mr. Scrape's, who was astonished, and knew not what to do or say ; when her ladyship cried, “ here Sir, you say “ she is your's : take her, see what you can “ do.” Lord Belfont happened to be there,

as he commonly was once a day ; and his joy was excessive to find his mistress in his power, when he almost despaired of ever seeing her so. As he perceived the old lady was angry, he concluded her passion had done that for him, which all his industry could not have effected, and which he now had begun to despair of. If a man is, or imagines he is, sure of his mistress's affection, he may watch and wait with patience and constancy ; and that was the case of Stanley ; who confident of a place in his Leonora's heart, had no thought of woman but of her, and for her could endure all things. But the case was otherwise with lord Belfont. Without any reason to hope he had any share in Leonora's heart, he toiled and laboured without those grateful sensations of fond hope that feed the lover's flame, and without which, patience must be worn out, and constancy yield to temptation. And so was it with lord Belfont ; for, vexed and wearied out by lady Filmore's obstinacy, and crossed by Leonora's perseverance, he had, about three weeks since, visited an opera girl, with whom he now spent a good part of his time : not that he was in love with her, but she served to make him almost forget he was in love with any one else.—But the sight of Leonora again revived his passion ; and it gratified him not a
little

little to think he owed the joy of seeing her, to lady Filmore's weakness; nor did he scruple to shew her ladyship that he triumphed in having Leonora in the city. The dowager saw it, and taking Leonora to the window, "well Miss, said she, have you thought of it? will you agree to my terms?" "to any thing but Mr. Lloyd," answered the weeping maid,—"then take your lord, madam!" replied the other. "O no, cried Leonora, no never!"—"O do not leave me, dear grandmamma! do not leave me here!"

Lady Filmore now seemed to relent, but my lord whispered Scrape, who in a moment sent in his wife; and the ladies all went up stairs. Scrape soon after desired to speak one word alone with my lady, who came down; and then, with an half impudent grin, he thank'd her for the care she had taken of his grandchild; but added, that he would trouble her no more. Lord Belfont too, in spite of his good breeding and politeness, with a most malicious smile, thank'd her ladyship for her kindness to him, in bringing Leonora where he might visit her. The poor old lady not having patience to be so baited, called for her grandchild, and said she would carry her away again; but Scrape mustering a half laugh, cough'd

cough'd out, "no faith not to-night; fegs, "not to-night; she's locked up I can assure "you."—It was in vain to dispute; she call'd for her coach, to which lord Belfont, begging her ladyship would not be angry, offered to hand her, which she refused, and went off in high disgust. His lordship certainly behaved ill; but he could not help taking a little revenge: and no one could wish more to be revenged again, than did the good lady dowager.

Mrs. Scrape, who was really a good woman, and loved her grandchild, lost the pleasure she might have expected in her company, by her being so vastly distressed. Scrape was for calling her down the moment the old lady was gone, but lord Belfont thought he had obtained a sufficient advantage, and he would not hazard losing it by an attempt to press it too far; so that Leonora was for the present indulged in her desire of being alone.

And while she is so, let us return to poor Marian; who, when she had sent the letter to lady Filmore to clear Stanley's character, in some measure, there; sent another to old Mr. Stanley to vindicate herself. She gathered, from Martin, that the old gentleman had a very ill

opinion of her.—She confessed her fault in this letter, as well as in the other ; and in this, as in that, declared her having never seen Stanley for some months past. She owned his generosity, and feared it had distressed him ; but to shew she was not extravagant, she sent the whole sum that was given her, with the little increase she had made, and an account how she had made that increase. Mr. Stanley was a good deal struck with the thing, and the manner ; however, he resolved carefully now to enquire after her life and character.

Martin, mean while, wanted to perform his promise to his friend, of bringing an answer to his letter ; and applying to his Mercury at lady Filmore's, he learnt that her ladyship was returned from the city, after leaving Leonora at Scrape's ; with this addition, that at her coming home, she met Mrs. Lloyd, and that there seemed to be very high words between them. With all this intelligence he went to his friend, who seeing him dejected and low, and finding he had no letter, began to imagine the worst, so that he was forced to tell him the whole truth.

C H A P. XXVI.

A quarrel with one set of people, sometimes is the only thing that can make us friends with another set.

STANLEY was now wretched indeed. His father, that father, whose indulgence had before shamed him out of his folly, had now deserted him. His mistress, who was always goodness itself, did not acquit him. He had wrote to assert his fidelity, and ever immutable love, but she had deigned him no answer; and still worse, she was under the power of a man who hated him, and who was also under the influence of his rival: that rival too, a man formed by nature to be successful in love. His mistress had vowed to give her hand to no man for three years: but the greatest courage must yield to force. Then a gleam of comfort peeped forth in lord Belfont's virtues; but it soon vanished again: for how far might not his lordship take advantage of the willing grandfather's power, since he could cover his doing so, under the specious names of love and honour? and then, which stung him most, this rival too, had so lately proved himself his friend, that how to act towards him, perplexed his very soul. Martin saw his dis-

4

quiet,

quiet, and all that friendship and good sense could dictate, he said, but he assured him, that he had a project for regaining his liberty next morning. Selling his commission, occurred to Stanley! and even in the cause of his Leonora he would not suffer that; but Martin swore it was not his scheme: tho' it was indeed something very like it, for he designed to apply to his agent for the sum, and to leave his commission as security for it. But he was next morning prevented by a message from old Mr. Stanley, who desired to see the captain. Mr. Stanley desired of him an explicit and unreserved account of his son's affair with the young woman he brought from Germany. Martin honestly told him the whole: upon which the candid old gentleman shewed him Marian's letter, and told him of the money she had sent: adding, "he would now bail poor George." Accordingly they went immediately together; but when Stanley saw his father, he was ashamed, and confounded beyond expression; so that few words past: the father became bail, and the son had his liberty.

Mr. Blueball, when he came to receive his money on the bond, did not bring his friend Sourgrape along with him. He had not now to deal with a young man, hurried and

blinded by his passions, but with a sensible old gentleman, acquainted with the world, and who knew very well how to deal with a rogue, tho' he was himself an honest man. Mr. Blueball was not at all pleased at the change of his prospect; and much less so, when Mr. Stanley, with a particular meaning in his voice and manner, enquired where Mr. Sourgrape was? for captain Martin had informed the old gentleman of George's intimacy with that man, and of the attempt to make his son assign over his estate; and had added, with more good nature indeed than truth, that George, disdaining to do a thing which he knew would be so disagreeable to his father, had utterly rejected the proposal. This not a little pleased the old man, and made him the readier to relieve his son, and, at the same time, more willing indeed to punish those, who would have taken so wicked an advantage of his son's distresses.

This Mr. Blueball perceived by his discourse, and was not a little alarmed; insomuch, that he very readily offered to accept the real principal sums, and to wave the interest; and this Mr. Stanley, happening by some strange accident to meet with an honest lawyer, was advised to accept; for it would, he was told,
be

be impossible to punish the villains by going to law:—so thus ended all transactions between Mr. Stanley and Blueball.

But as this is the last time we shall meet this man of principal and interest, and his worthy compere Mr. Sourgrape, it may not be amiss to let the reader know what afterwards became of them: especially as he will find their ruin was owing to this very plot they had laid for the destruction of our hero. Their catastrophe happened thus. Blueball was one of those, who not only kept a shop for the reception of pawns, but likewise occasionally lent out small sums. Sourgrape, tho' he did not publicly appear at the reception of pawns, was, in fact, the support of the shop, and used Blueball only as an understrapper; and when he found that he had presumed without his direction to give way to his own fears, and dared to be honest, at least to be satisfied in receiving his due, he grew very angry: in which indeed, he was, I think, a little excusable, for he knew such conduct was so unnatural to Blueball, that he did not thoroughly believe the fact, but suspected he was cheating him. This produced a quarrel. Rogues are no more without their passions than honest men are, and when the devil and they, for a long time, have made fools of all the world, in

some odd moment, that same respectable personage prevails on them to make fools of one another: and so it was with these two worthies; their quarrel produced a law suit, and that law suit, their mutual ruin. Blueball starved and died in Newgate; Sourgrape with the little remnants and chippings of his long thriving villainy, escaped to Bologne; but soon after turning smuggler, was taken and condemned to the galleys; where he now labours hard, but is still guilty of every crime the length of his chain will suffer him to commit.

But to take leave of these rogues, and return to young Stanley, now at full liberty.

Our hero was now resolved to act vigorously. His father had the first morning after George's redemption from his worse than Egyptian bondage, a visit from old Scrape and lord Belfont. The peer was the spokesman; he owned all George's virtues, yet could not, he said, but condemn his obstinate pretensions to this young lady. "He has not the consent of any one
 " of her friends; he has no independent fortune of his own; if he marries this lady,
 " she will bring him no fortune! what then
 " can he propose? I have her grandfather's
 " con-

“ consent, and do not expect an opposition
 “ from that man only, whose friendship ought
 “ to assist me in every thing.” Mr. Stanley
 was convinced, and repeated the same reasons
 to his son, not without some little threats :
 but the young man was not convinced, tho’
 he was silent ; he now applied to his sister,
 and persuaded her, that her not answering
 Leonora’s letter, was no longer now a point
 of honour, since the young lady was no longer
 with lady Filmore. Miss Stanley assented ;
 but to convey a letter was no easy matter. Lord
 Belfont was commander of the castle, where
 the unhappy Leonora was a comfortless pri-
 soner ; and his lordship was a wary soldier.
 Accordingly, they found the fortress inaccessi-
 ble ; so that Miss Stanley’s letter was in vain :
 however things are brought about for us, that
 we cannot often bring about for ourselves.
 Leonora hapless and miserable, found a faith-
 ful friend in Mrs. Scrape. This good woman had
 said a great deal to persuade Leonora to ac-
 cept lord Belfont ; but finding that she had
 a fixt aversion to him, she thought there
 could be no happiness in such an union ; espe-
 cially with a man of lord Belfont’s tem-
 per, who with the generosity of a prince, the
 courage of a soldier, and ten thousand good

qualities, was yet, she saw, disdainful, proud, and resentful ; and she was not so little versed in the world, as not to know, that the satiated husband does not endure the slights which the expecting lover bows to. She therefore did all she could with her husband, to dissuade him from the match ; but all she got in return, was contempt and abuse. She then resolved on a desperate remedy ; she wrote to lady Filmore, told her the condition of their grandchild ; assured her, that that child retained the highest sense of gratitude to her ladyship ; told her the danger she was in, of being forced to the arms of a man she almost hated ; and, in respect to Lloyd, (for Leonora had honestly told Mrs. Scrape all her story) she begg'd her ladyship not to insist on their child's accepting him. Leonora was, she said, very young ; others might offer ; and as to Stanley she took upon her to say, Leonora thought no more of him : which perhaps Leonora had told her, and perhaps had resolved on it ;—at least, she saw so little probability of success, that she really thought it her duty to yield, in something, to her grand-mamma ; if that lady yielded every thing else to her.—Mrs. Scrape ended her letter, with begging her ladyship again to take Leonora under her protection. This letter she sent by her mantuamaker, and received an answer to her wish ;

wish ; for the letter had found lady Filmore just in the humour that could have been wished. What we have heard of Mrs. Lloyd, and her ladyship's quarrelling, was true. Mrs. Lloyd had called on lady Filmore, just as she returned from the city. Now this lady was one of those that love to be meddling and directing, and cannot bear any thing should be done without their advice ; if it is, that itself is sufficient for their disapprobation. When she found then that Leonora was left in the city, and that without her opinion being asked ; she treated it as a thing highly preposterous, and ridiculous. Lady Filmore was not in one of those sweet, lamb-like humours, that contradiction will not exasperate. She retorted ; the other retorted ; words grew louder and louder, till nothing could be understood : and thus for that night they parted. And ever since, Mrs. Lloyd had made it her business to depreciate lady Filmore's understanding ; a thing her ladyship was almost as fond of as of her family ; and as to Mr. Lloyd, his mother found it no very difficult matter, to dissuade him from any further pursuit of Leonora ; upon whose behaviour to him all along, Mrs. Lloyd now read a very wise and grave lecture : her confusion when Stanley met them in the park ; her having desired Lloyd to press her no longer ; and twenty other

things, were now all represented as so many affronts to him : and these served to make himself think of several other circumstances in Leonora's behaviour to him, which his mother was a stranger to. All which, tho' perhaps he did not consider them as affronts, yet did he look on them as certain proofs, that he must never expect to be master of Leonora's affections. He nevertheless could not but respect, esteem, and admire her ; nor could he prevail on himself to condemn her. Whenever our affairs do not succeed to our wish, there is something in the human mind, that loves to throw the blame somewhere ; and Mr. Lloyd accordingly was not very backward in agreeing with his mother, that lady Filmore had used him very ill, in concealing the affair of Stanley ; in persuading Lloyd to pursue a point, in which she knew, or might have known, he had no chance of success ; and then her carrying Leonora into the city, without consulting Mrs. Lloyd ;—all these incidents, and a thousand more, the mother represented as contempts, affronts, indignities, and insults. The disappointed lover considering them in that light, went to expostulate with the lady dowager : that is, he himself called it expostulating, but lady Filmore seemed to think it rather a reproaching her, and

and without much ceremony render'd the young gentleman's visit a pretty short one.

All this made the letter from the city the more agreeable, as she had no longer any thoughts of pressing Leonora in favour of Lloyd, and she heartily wished to defeat lord Belfont. To this purpose it was agreed, that her ladyship should come into the city at a time when Mrs. Scrape gave her to understand, that both my lord and Scrape would be out of the way, and Leonora at her own disposal; when she promised to leave her to dispose of herself. This was luckily all executed, without suspicion or discovery; and Leonora was once more safely lodged under her grandmamma's roof. Mrs. Scrape bore the brunt; her husband was ready to tear her to pieces, nor did she escape much better from lord Belfont, who accused her of betraying her trust, selling her child, and I know not what. This may not seem agreeable to his lordship's character of politeness; but be it remembered, that our passions are nature: address, civility, decorum, and good breeding are all acquired, and that nature is always strongest, when she ventures to shew her face. Mrs. Scrape, however, satisfied in herself, that she had done what she ought, bore all with patience and resignation.

C H A P. XXVII.

*Old friends meet, perhaps with more glee, after a
miff.*

LADY Filmore and her grand-daughter were both sincerely glad to be again together. Leonora's grateful heart overflowed with thanks for being again received by her grandmamma, and rescued from the power of a grandfather, who would have sacrificed her inclinations to his own whim, in forcing her to the arms of the man in the world she wished most to avoid ; and the good lady, satisfied with her grandchild's acknowledgments, and not displeased, in her turn, to have baffled lord Belfont and his friend Scrape, rejoiced to have Leonora again under her eye. With an affectionate condescension, she owned she had pressed her too far, and even applauded her grandchild's steady perseverance :—promising she would never again press her on any man's account whatever ; “ I will, my dear child, “ leave you to your own choice intirely ; and I “ hope and believe your choice will justify my “ so doing. You are yet young, I will not hurry “ you ; but trust in God you will one day meet “ with

“with some man, who may deserve your affection.” Leonora could scarce open her lips, her heart was so full of gratitude; the moment she found words, she used them to convey her imperfect acknowledgments. She owned her thoughts had dwelt perhaps too much on Mr. Stanley, but promised to think for the future as little of him as possible, and never to hold any secret correspondence with him. Thus were they fully reconciled, and Leonora enjoyed a sort of tranquillity:—tho’ there still remained a few little smothered sparks, which would make her sometimes break out in a sigh; but comparatively to what she had lately felt, she now enjoyed a perfect peace, which lord Belfont, in wishing himself happy, wished to destroy. He sent Scrape to lady Filmore’s, but he was refused audience. He went himself, resolved to see the lady dowager; and see her he did! he sued, he blustered, he begged, he threatened, but all in vain. Lady Filmore did not chuse to shew the triumph she really enjoyed, but coolly reprimanding him for insisting on coming in, when the servant had given him to understand she chose to be alone; she told him if he made it necessary, she would apply for a guard to her house. His lordship fretted, and raved, but was forced to go off without any effect.

The

The news of Leonora's return to lady Filmore's, soon reached Stanley's ears, but it gave him little or no comfort; for her not answering his last letter, seemed to imply she still thought him guilty: yet guilty of what? for her words only were,—“had not your brother basely deceived me—” what this could allude to, he, who knew nothing of Marian's fainting, &c. could not divine; and this confidence of his own innocence and ignorance of the facts of his supposed guilt, left him in a state of suspense, which he would gladly have exchanged for any degree of certain punishment, that did not include the loss of his mistress. Yet he had perhaps remained still in this uncertainty, had it not been for his friend Martin. When his father had released him, and he found, that Marian's letter had principally induced him so to do, he could not but admire the spirit of that unhappy girl: who had still been mistress of every virtue, had not her love for him, betrayed her to the sacrifice of that one virtue, which is the just pride and glory of her sex. Yet her behaviour in this case, shewed her possessed of a spirit that would not have disgraced the best of women; and Stanley, sensible of this, was desirous of waiting on her. But she had before insisted on the captain's not informing him where she might be found;

found ; and gave him such good reasons for it, in owning the fear she had of again unsettling her mind by a sight of Stanley, that the captain promised to obey her, and accordingly prevailed on Stanley to be satisfied with thanking her through him ; in which indeed he had, in spite of his gratitude to Marian, no great trouble : for Stanley was so lost in the perplexity of his love for Miss Filmore, that he heeded little else. But tho' the son was satisfied, without seeing Marian, yet the father was not ; for, struck with the instance he had himself experienced of her spirit, he began to think more favourably of her ; and desired captain Martin to introduce him. This, as there were not the same reasons against it, as against the son's visit, the captain had no objection to ; but without her leave, he did not think he had a right to do it : nor was it very easy for him to prevail on her to consent, for she had felt too much uneasiness at young Stanley's former irregularities, not to be very well acquainted with them, and she knew enough of the world not to suppose a father would be apt enough to impute no small share of his son's folly and extravagance, to the persuasion and contrivance of the woman who lived with him. This made her very little desirous of a visit from the old gentleman : however, as captain Martin requested

quested it, she submitted. The old man talked to her a great deal. Marian's words were few, her attention great; and Mr. Stanley was highly satisfied with her. He applauded much her resolution of never seeing his son again; approved greatly of the industrious way she was in, and recommended to her the utmost caution and circumspection in the persons she should associate with. The 1701. was, he said, a gift of his son's, and he had no right to it: he therefore restored it to Marian, who with modest thanks, and without any dispute, received it at his hands. The expence of the child, he promised to take upon himself; and if any difficulty arose in the course of her business, he insisted on her applying to him, and him only.

Mr. Stanley had too deep a sense of humanity, and even religion, not to be affected with the thought of his son's having ruined a young creature of so much worth as he saw in poor Marian. Nor could she, when the good old gentleman was gone, but acknowledge to herself his humanity and generosity. However, when alone with the captain, she could not help inquiring into the state of young Stanley's affairs; and on Martin's telling her of George's perplexity, of Leonora's displeasure,
and

and of Stanley's inability to account for that displeasure; poor Marian quickly took the whole blame on herself, and informed him of all that had passed at lady Filmore's: owning, that she must herself have given grounds of suspicion to Leonora. She then mentioned the letter she had written to lady Filmore, and desired Stanley might be acquainted with the whole.

George had some comfort in knowing whence the suspicions his mistress entertained arose, as he now had some certainty to go upon; but tho' this gave some relief to his mind, yet was he far from thinking himself obliged to Marian. But this was not a time to shew his displeasure; it rather called on him to clear up his innocence.——He therefore took all his remaining toys, and they prevailed on Mrs. Slim once more to be his letter-carrier.——She went to lady Filmore's immediately, and delivered the letter to Leonora, who took it with a trembling hand, and doubtful heart:——paused,——viewed it long, and at last,——“ A
 “ very poor office, Mrs. Slim, says she, but 'tis
 “ the last trouble of the sort I believe you'll
 “ have; for tell the gentleman, that upon my
 “ honour, every letter I receive from him, I
 “ will deliver unopened to lady Filmore.” Mrs.
 Slim

Slim would have replied, but Leonora left the room, and Mrs. Slim thought it much better, to haste back to Stanley, than wait a personal interview with the lady dowager. Poor Marian, on Stanley's hearing this, became his detestation; he cursed her, himself, and all the world. Resolving now on this, then on that, yet undetermined what to do, he did nothing but bemoan his own sad fortune.

With all her resolution, Leonora could not but stop on the stairs, and for half a moment almost doubted whether to deliver or read the letter; but she recollected, and not suffering herself to hesitate again, she hastened to lady Filmore, and gave her the letter; "from whom my dear?" cried the grandmother, who little expected Stanley's writing, "from one, madam, answered Leonora, that has no right to address his letters to me; and from whom I will receive none." The good lady now saw Stanley's name at the bottom; and putting up the letter, applauded Leonora, for thus confiding in her grand-mamma. On finding who was the carrier, she suspected this was not the first letter she had brought, but lady Filmore was not one of those who make use of some present good action, only as a memorandum, that another action was bad; so she let
that

that pass, and retired soon after to take a perusal of this same letter.

Now it happened that throughout the whole of this letter, Stanley spoke of lady Filmore with the greatest respect and veneration, saying, unhappy as her opposition made him, he honoured her for it. Whether Stanley was apprehensive that the letter might fall into the old lady's hands, or whether he thought Leonora would be pleased to have her grandmamma respectfully treated, or what else it was, the whole was wrote as if designed to touch her ladyship's fondness for family and descent. Of herself, he spoke with high respect and esteem; of her family, with honour; of his own family, with humility and deference; only observing the Stanleys had been a great name. This perhaps was a little indulgence of his own vanity, or possibly he thought his mistress might have some regard for her grandmamma's notions. The letter was long. What most he dwelt on was, his sincere attachment to Leonora; and, on this head, he expressed himself with all the warmth and life, with which a strong imagination, heated by an ardent passion, could fire and animate the pen of a most violent, and at the same time, a most sensible lover.

Her

Her ladyship was vastly pleased with the manner, in which he mentioned her; how different was it from the behaviour of *Lloyd's family*, whom she had endeavoured to serve: whereas, she had endeavoured to do Stanley all the prejudice in her power! but still nothing could prevail on him to pass the rules of respect due to her *as a woman, as the parent of his mistress, and as a woman of family!* Lord Belfont had affronted, Mrs. Lloyd had abused her, in which young Lloyd himself had joined his mother, but Stanley, who had always behaved to her personally with good manners; in her absence, spoke of her respectfully; and even defended her against himself.

These things, all together, set her upon recollecting that the Stanleys are spoke of in history, and are a good family. They made her remember too, she had misrepresented this young man, and it was but Christian like to do him justice. Perhaps too a knowledge of lord Belfont's temper, (that he would be still plotting and contriving, now that he had been once outwitted, and Leonora taken out of his hands, when he was sure of her) and her fear that he would not make Leonora happy; and perhaps a little remembrance of his lordship's triumph
in

in the city, altogether united to make her look on things in a quite different light, from what she did some three months since, when she was heated with notions of family, and I know not what. She now argued thus, “the father is
 “in good circumstances,——I can allow them
 “well out of my jointure——while I live. She
 “loves him, he loves her,——they may be
 “happy.”——

This her ladyship tossed up and down in her mind for two or three days; while Stanley was vexing and tormenting himself in vain; and while lord Belfont was forming the most impudent design that ever disappointment suggested. He corrupted the little promising genius that stole Marian's letter from lady Filmore; and she was to let him in, just before bed-time; when, with a strong party, he resolved to carry off Leonora. But the girl was observed talking with my lord's gentleman; and lady Filmore, by a very sudden and strict examination, got a full confession of the whole. The girl was dismissed, her ladyship herself saw the doors locked, kept the keys, and took her granddaughter to her own bed. The next day she sent a gentleman to lord Belfont, to let him know, she would certainly acquaint the king with

with his insults; unless he gave her strong assurances, of his desisting from any attempts on Miss Filmore. She rather chose to take this method, than to make any application for protection to the court, as that necessarily, she knew, would make Leonora the town talk; and her ladyship always thought that there was such delicacy to be observed with regard to a young lady's name, that it ought, on no account whatever, to be suffered to become common in the mouth of the public.

C H A P. XXVIII.

*A lover should never despair, for if he truly loves,
his wishes will certainly be crowned at last, or
we novel writers are not to be depended
upon.*

LADY Filmore was not a little alarmed at the boldness of lord Belfont's last design; tho' upon her message he had seemed a little ashamed—at least of having been detected in bribing her servants. Still she feared he would never give up his purpose, while Leonora's being single, left him a possibility of success. This gave her ladyship no small uneasiness; but her resentment suppressed a thought that would sometimes arise, of renewing the treaty with the Lloyds. In no small perplexity what course to take, she received a visit from a distant relation of her own, Sir Walter Aprice, who had just lost a very bad father, and got a very good estate. He was in such high spirits, that the good lady could not help observing,—that tho' his father had not behaved well to him, yet decency required that for some little time, there should be no appearance of exultation. “O my good lady Filmore,” returned the knight, “do not think so meanly of me, as to
“suppose

“suppose a remembrance of any severities,
 “could make me rejoice at my father’s death;
 “but madam, I have, this day, found rea-
 “son for joy: I have just seen the man in the
 “world I am most beholden to. I came here,
 “because I knew your good heart would
 “suffer me to give vent to my own. I am the
 “happiest man in the world to have discovered
 “him; his humanity saved *me, my dear wife,*
 “*my poor children,* all of us! He saved us from
 “starving, at the time I could not but ima-
 “gine him a man of fortune; but to the vast
 “increase of my obligations, I find that his
 “humanity and goodness of heart made him
 “forget the inconvenience of his own circum-
 “stances, to save us from ruin.” He then pa-
 thetically related his story, which the reader
 has already been made acquainted with, in a
 preceding chapter.

It would be difficult to express the lady’s
 astonishment, to find at the end, that it was
 to Stanley her cousin was so much be-
 holden. He had, some how, found out the cir-
 cumstance of Stanley’s having, even sold his
 horses to relieve him; and he would perhaps
 never have given over his praises, had not his
 watch informed him, that the hour was come,
 that he was again to meet his deliverer, who
 had

had promised to dine with him. Lady Filmore was no stranger to her cousin's having been in distress, for she had herself more than once assisted him; but she had never imagined him to have been in such extremities as he now described. She had too good an heart of her own, not to admire such an instance of goodness in Stanley. The knight little knew he was speaking to the sovereign disposer of his friend's happiness or misery, or he would certainly have argued much in favour of his pretensions to Leonora; but he had done him more service than the best arguments could have done, for he had fully reconciled the dowager to Stanley.

The good lady made no further hesitation, but that day at dinner the following discourse passed,
 " Leonora, my dear, I forgot to give you Mr.
 " Stanley's letter; here!" Leo. " Ma'am!
 " ma'am! I, I," " nay my dear,—read
 " it; it was meant for you, and upon my
 " word I think it very well wrote. I believe
 " too the writer is serious; what he says in
 " one respect, I know is true." Leo. " In-
 " deed, my lady, indeed I don't." " Don't
 " what, my dear? in one word, Leonora, read
 " that letter." Leonora did so, not without a
 sigh, and a few tears, which she in vain strove
 to conceal; and then the old lady proceeded,
 " Here my dear, is another letter, which I must
 " desire

“ desire you to read.” Leonora, in astonishment, obeyed, and read Marian’s letter, which lady Filmore thought she had never seen before. Her ladyship then proceeded, “ this letter my dear, I received before you went into the city; but I then thought it for your good to conceal it: for as I knew the Lloyds to be one of the best families in Wales, so I naturally expected the best treatment from them. But I was deceived, I confess; and I then too had a very different opinion of Mr. Stanley, from what I have now. But if my present opinion of him can be of any weight towards clearing up his character, I own I think him fully acquitted in regard to the sincerity of the professions he made to you. He certainly has a good understanding. He has now, I believe, left his follies;—and his virtues (which to my knowledge are very great) will have fair play.” Leonora could scarce give credit to her ears, or believe her grandmamma serious; but the old lady soon convinced her; and then mentioned her suspicions of lord Belfont’s enterprising genius; said he would always be troublesome; owned he was a man she did not like, but added, that she would no longer oppose her child; if she chose it, lord Belfont should visit her. But the young lady, not a little to the old one’s

one's satisfaction, absolutely refused it. Lady Filmore then asked, would she accept of Mr. Stanley's visits? Leonora hummed, and hesitated; said something of *deference to her ladyship,—of duty,—of obedience,—*and I know not what: till the old lady lectured her a little, for not dealing plainly. She assured her, that an honest, open sincerity, was as becoming a virtue in a young lady, as in a man; and ended with telling her, that she had intended to invite Mrs. Stanley and her daughter next day to dinner; but that she would not send, if she had any objection. Leonora, in due respect to the lecture she had just heard, on sincerity, declared, she was much obliged to her grandmamma for her proposal.

It is no wonder that the gentle Leonora should at first have suspected her grandmamma's being serious; her discourse being so contradictory, and opposite, to all her former opinions and designs. Indeed the change in her ladyship seems a little difficult to account for. The truth is, that however strong Lord Belfont's passion for Leonora had been, yet certain expressions of his did not seem to assure her ladyship of any violent personal respect for herself; for tho' age is venerable, yet *old woman* is not an expression much used by a

flatterer ; and tho' *dowager* be an honourable title, yet when unattended with any respectful epithet, as simply *the dowager*, it is seldom used by those who mean to pay their court to a widow lady of title ; and tho' *grandmother* is a character every woman wishes she may arrive at, yet may this reverend name be so used as not to testify any great reverence or esteem ; yet these were the expressions his lordship had used in speaking of lady Filmore : nor did they at all tend to remove any ill impressions, which the irregularity of his lordship's life might have made on the good lady.

These things may seem too trifling, to have had any weight with a woman of lady Filmore's understanding ; but it is often with the human mind as with a well, into which if you drop a small pebble it will as surely sink to the bottom, as the largest stone, tho' it may not make so much noise in its fall. The little flights and omissions themselves, had been perhaps sufficient to have ruined lord Belfont's interest with lady Filmore ; but to these he had added his almost unmannerly triumph in the city. This gave double weight to all the rest, and lady Filmore was not sorry, I will not say to be revenged, but to be even with his lordship, or at least to prevent his having a second triumph ; and besides

fides her pique against lord Belfont, perhaps the good lady would have preferred Stanley, as it would be taking a little revenge on the ungrateful Lloyds, in shewing Mrs. Lloyd that the city transaction had not, as she had prophesied, forwarded lord Belfont's suit; and in letting her son see, that his ill-timed and ill-grounded resentment, had made her ladyship prefer to him, not a peer of the first rank or fortune, but a private gentleman, and the rival he was most enraged at: great as Stanley's merit is, and constant as his respectful behaviour to lady Filmore was, yet her ladyship's passions did more for him than his merit.

Tho' lady Filmore, in writing to Mrs. Stanley, had in the politest manner that the case would admit of, excused herself to that lady for her late behaviour; tho' she had condescended to beg leave to wait on Mrs. Stanley in the morning, and desired a renewal of their former intimacy; yet Mrs. Stanley herself was more surprized at the invitation, than inclined to accept it.

She would by no means have aided her son, in a design on a young lady against her friends consent; and therefore had at once insisted on her daughter's relinquishing all correspondence

with Leonora. But then she was a little piqued at the manner of lady Filmore's breaking off. However her son, assisted by his sister, prevailed, so that her ladyship's apologies were at last found sufficient. Mr. Stanley was gone a little way out of town, and Mrs. Stanley easily yielded to her children. Lady Filmore arrived. Mrs. Stanley received her rather politely than warmly; and the ladies all went afterwards to lady Filmore's.

The young people were glad to be together, and the old ones were not sorry to be alone. Lady Filmore, with great frankness, opened to Mrs. Stanley her whole mind; telling her, that her son's merit, and Leonora's constancy, had made a convert of her, and that she consented to their union, provided Mr. Stanley would settle his estate on them, and give them 10,000*l.* adding, that she would give her grand-daughter the like sum, and also allow them while she lived, 600*l.* a year. Leonora was not more reserved with her friend, but repeated all her grandmamma had said to her.

Miss Stanley knew too well the joy her brother would feel, on this happy change in his affairs, and therefore hurried her mamma away

as soon as might be, after dinner. Imagine all the joys of heaven opening to a repenting sinner's ravished sight; and then you may conceive something of George's extasy, on his sister's news. But still there remained one thing that depended on his father; and that was the settlement he was to make; which he was very little inclined to do: for his son, he thought, had not behaved so very well to him as a father, whatever he might have done to his mistress as a lover. Nor was he indeed, very fond of the match, for he knew Scrape's dislike to him, and did not expect he would ever give them one penny. His son, too, was not yet a master of his profession; and he had set his heart on George's making a figure in that profession; but he imagined, and perhaps not without reason, that a young wife of whom the husband is excessively fond, is no great incitement to study. In short Mr. Stanley was not so rejoiced as his son, at lady Filmore's proposal; and when hard pressed by all his family, (for even Mrs. Stanley joined her daughter and captain Martin on this occasion in his favour) the old gentleman would say, that his son had already spent a great deal; and that it was but fair now to think of his daughter, and secure a fortune for her. This Fanny disclaimed, with much vehemence, and captain Mar-

tin joined her so heartily in it, that she was all over one continued glow of blushes : not from any resentment of Martin's persuading her father to sacrifice her fortune to her brother's satisfaction, but from a very different principle.

Martin perceived the little maiden confusion of his Fanny, and not many hours after, took advantage of it, to speak more plainly and fully than hitherto he had ventured to do ; and this young lady knowing his worth, and conscious of her own regard for him, did not hesitate to permit his applying to Mr. and Mrs. Stanley. These good people loved their child too well, not to be pleased with uniting her to a man, whom they knew to be so capable of making her happy. Young Stanley was rejoiced that he should call his friend, Brother : his own love had prevented his observing that of his friend. Leonora, too, was rejoiced to find her friend's heart worthily engaged as well as her own. Old Mr. Stanley could not hold out against the general voice. Satisfied with the prospect of the son's becoming a good and happy man, he no longer repined at his not being a great man ; and as the settlement of his two children was all he had to wish on this side the grave, he resolved to give over trade. On a review of his effects, he found, that ex-
clusive

clusive of his estate, which was between 500 l. and 600 l. a year, he was worth about 13,000 l. Lady Filmore had estimated his riches beyond what they really were; for out of this he must give his daughter a fortune, and yet leave himself and Mrs. Stanley a livelihood.

Lady Filmore adhering a little stiffly to her first proposal of 10,000 l. in hand, Sir Walter Aprice, who was much with Stanley, would willingly have settled the difference; but all parties refused this, and lady Filmore's own good nature, her favourable opinion of Miss Stanley, the intreaties of her grand-daughter, Stanley's own respectful behaviour, all contributed to prevail on her; so that at length it was agreed, that Martin should have 5,000 l. with Miss Stanley: and if her brother at that moment wished for an increase of his own fortune, it was that he might have added to his sister's. This he resolved to do whenever in his power; and which I hear he has since done. About a year ago, on Scrape's death, he added, I am told, by Leonora's consent, 20,000 l. The remainder of Mr. Stanley's fortune, and the 2000 l. the good lady dowager added, she insisted should be laid out in a purchase; and that Stanley should be obliged to pay his father and mother, or the survivor of them 600 l. a year: she

she agreeing also to pay young Stanley 600 l. a year, during her own life. All this the prudent old lady insisted should be done with all the tedious ceremonial of dilatory law: a bitter check to a longing lover's haste. However, there was no remedy; all the consolation was, that he had free liberty of visiting his Leonora. But notwithstanding the pleasure received from this liberty, yet, as if all human satisfactions were to be imperfect, there was something that damped his joys, even in his Leonora's company. This was the fate of Marian. In every instance, on every occasion, she had behaved well to him, and he had done nothing for her. George, whose mind was full of generosity, not to say that he abhorred a thought of ingratitude, could not think of owing all his good fortune to the spirit of a girl who sacrificed herself to her love of him; and that he should on his side do nothing in return. His whole fortune was now on the point of being settled, but that settlement was under the eye of the prudent lady dowager; so that he had no hopes of doing any thing for Marian, at least till after marriage: and then it might affect Leonora. This perplexity made him not a little uneasy; which Leonora perceiving, insisted on knowing its cause. George frankly owned the truth; declaring, that tho'

he

he had for ever broke all connexion with Marian, yet he thought himself engaged in honour to do something for her. Convinced of the first, Leonora without hesitation agreed with him in the last; and with an amiable good humour, that shewed she deserved the whole heart of a man of sense and worth, she herself pleaded the cause of Marian to her grandmamma; and so effectually, that a provision was made for the unfortunate German; not superfluous, but sufficient. Mr. Sims, George's old tutor, had sometime before, by the interest of lord Belfont, got a good living in a distant part of the country, and as Marian chose to retire from town, Stanley wrote a full account of the whole affair to that gentleman, desiring him to look out for a proper situation for the poor girl. That good man was so struck with the singularity of her disinterested behaviour, that he resolved to do her all the service in his power; accordingly he recommended her in his parish, where she set up an elegant milliner's shop, in the London taste; and behaves herself so as to gain the esteem of every body. In a word, she is likely to acquire a pretty fortune by her business. Several offers have been made her, by men of unexceptionable characters, and well to pass, as the phrase is: but such is the native delicacy of Marian's
 sen-

sentiments, that conscious of the false step she has once taken, she is determined never to impose herself upon any man; but to do penance for life, in the shape of an *old maid*.

This affair settled thus by Leonora, if possible endeared her more than ever to Stanley, who waited the finishing of the lawyers business, with great impatience; while his Leonora having the pleasure of now seeing and conversing with her Stanley, appeared so supremely happy, that she wished for nothing more.

At last all things were settled, tho' not so secretly, but lord Belfont had notice of it. He sent no message to Stanley, but took care to meet him one morning, on his way to lady Filmore's, and insisted on his walking to the fields with him. They both had their swords, so no excuse could George make, when his once good friend bad him draw. All he could say to excuse himself, he said; but all to no purpose.—*Resign for ever all thoughts of Leonora, or maintain your pretensions with your sword, was my lord's expression.* Stanley chose the latter.

It was not love, so much as vexation, disappointment, and revenge, that pushed lord Belfont on. But well founded hope and successful

ful love maintained Stanley's point ; and when the peer, with an eagerness, almost unbecoming a man of his spirit, rushed on, Stanley received him coolly. The success was answerable ; for his lordship's passion hurried him so, that he lost his sword. Stanley instantly returned it to him, saying, he would not give a man the trouble to beg his life, who so highly deserved to live. Lord Belfont knew not now what to do.—To use again his sword, against the man who but now gave him his life,—that his generosity forbade : yet thus to relinquish his mistress to Stanley, the thought of it went to his very heart.

While the peer was thus hesitating how to act, Stanley, who was all coolness, and whose confidence of success in his love, made him act just as lord Belfont would have acted in any case but his own, generously addressed himself to his lordship ; acknowledged all his friendship ; imputed his own success to his having gained the lady's esteem, before she was acquainted with his lordship ; adding, that having once settled her affections, no fortune, no rank, no, nor no merit, he said, however superior to his own, could move her : in short, by yielding to the pride of his antagonist, he found the way to his understanding. In short,

my

my lord sheathed his sword, only desiring Stanley would marry privately; and then they parted;—lord Belfont, in discontent, to drown his cares in a round of pleasures; Stanley, to find true satisfaction and real happiness, in the possession of the woman he loved: and a few days after, at the seat of lady Filmore, the lovely Leonora became a joyful bride, and our Hero the happiest of men.



F I N I S.

